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# THE INNIS HERALD

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# Detritus Importantis

## Temagami: An Ecological Holocaust One Forest Action Camp experience

Upon returning to the urban reality, from my time in Temagami, I am often asked "How was it?" It is a difficult question to answer because communicating and describing the situation is not the same as being there, and while the incredible group of people at the camp are a source of hope and inspiration in their dedication to the earth, there is the ever present reality that the very last of Ontario's old growth red and white pine ecosystem is being destroyed. But, if you've been to Northern Ontario and stood amongst 140 year old trees, or even if you've lived in the city all your life and worry about jobs, bear with me and you'll understand why I went to Temagami.

Before I left in a van full of Earthroots supporters (i.e. concerned citizens making tremendous sacrifices in time and energy to save the ancient forest) I was doubtful about going. Should I miss class? How effective is protesting going to be? Will there be any old-growth red and white pine left in the world by the time I graduate?

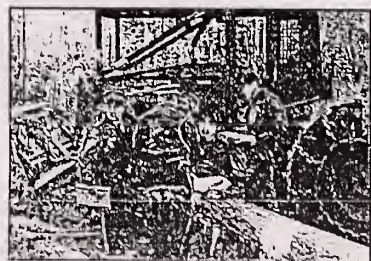
The journey up to Temagami is an adventure on its own. Exiting the city, you move through a sea of people transporting around in their daily lives, unaware that today is a special day. Meanwhile caravans of vehicles from all across Ontario head together into the wilderness. People of different ages (14 to 69 years), backgrounds, occupations, lifestyles and ethnicities come together to protect the earth. Passing alongside are farms using pesticides and fertilizers, Canada's Wonderland with a really big parking lot over prime farm land, urban sprawl (i.e. suburbs like weeds). As you get further north there is Barrie, then lumber operations with yards full of logs headed south for the U.S., and cottages-camps for the Southerners to get their nature fix.

The scenic route ends when you get to North Bay. (But I digress because I was given a selective tour from a local on my way back and some of the original charm of Northern life was evident.) However, this is Mike Harris' home riding and to the credit of Northern Ontario, the only riding to elect a provincial conservative to power. The extreme weirdness of the place also expresses itself in other forms. The dichotomy of good and evil are displayed in the same plaza, where the 'Bible Store' and the Strip Barn are physically joined.

The drive north on Highway 11 is a welcome relief to urban development. Lakes and trees as far as the logger will let you see (e.g. scenic buffers.) And then you get to Gramp's Place, where you can buy the last gasoline before the bush, fresh minnows, and oddly enough solar-composting toilet. From there you make a right on Rabbit lake road, a two lane gravel logging road. Along the road I count five Ontario Provincial Police (OPP) suburbans. We are stopped at a police checkpoint where they count the number of passengers, record the license-plate number and ask for I.D. from the driver. Passengers are not required to provide I.D. by law unless they are under arrest. And if you have a video camera, police officers are more often polite than not.

Across many brand new bridges, and past second growth forests which are dominated by deciduous species, we stop at an abandoned logging camp, now filled with protesters. The camp is located beside a lake and surrounded by rolling hills of forest. Loons call out, flocks of geese fly south in large numbers, and an eagle has flown two circles around the camp and flown off in the direction of the remaining old growth forest. New life fills the logging camp and transforms it into a living community as people continually arrive in waves and begin to set up their tents. At night the stars shine bright and on occasion a beautiful show of the Northern lights is visible.

At the front of the camp is security. Around the clock security both protects the camp from potentially hostile loggers but also keeps watch on the activity of the OPP. The police patrol the road every half hour and keep running vehicles beside the bridges 24 hours 7 days a week, costing Ontario taxpayers \$87,000.00 in one



week alone. Furthermore, officers have been found spying in the bush with night-

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### Herald Thanks and Information:

Submissions can be dropped off at any time during the week to room 305 at Innis College (West Wing). Our phone number is 978-4748 and fax number is 978-5503. Our address is Rm. 305, Innis College, 2 Sussex Avenue, Toronto Ont. M5S 1J5.

To all those who wrote or helped with this issue (or the last one) thanks for coming out - we exist because of you. A call to all about the open positions of News and Entertainment Editors... all with an interest in such matters should make haste to contact Lauren at the above phone number or address.

The Innis Herald is the monthly, student-run newspaper of Innis College. The Innis Herald has an open-letter policy; we reserve the right to edit any submissions. We cannot accept sexist, racist, agist or homophobic contents. All articles should be submitted with the author's signature and telephone number. The views and opinions expressed by the Innis Herald are attributed only to their authors and do not reflect the opinions of Innis College and the student body. Really, we're glad you're reading this.

vision goggles. Obviously, the impact of the protests are having some effect if the government is concerned enough to warrant this kind of heavy handed response against a small band of civil protesters and supporters. Also at the front of the camp is a Teepee. It was constructed by Woody Becker, a member of the Ma-Komanising-Anishnabai first nation, with the help of many people from the camp. Inside there is a fire dug into the ground around which as many as 15 have slept in warmth on the land that Woody's grandmother was born on. When asked by the OPP if he had a permit to cut wood, Woody calmly replied, "The only permit I have is my brown skin!"

At the other end of the camp is a cement pad with a large white tent and a smaller canvas tent that serves as the kitchen. A tree planting contractor donated an All Terrain Vehicle and the large white tent, which includes a wood stove and an environmental information center. In addition, there is a fire pit tarp covered area to gather at near the lake. The meals are mostly vegetarian (e.g. delicious stews, pastas, potatoes) and large amounts of coffee and cigarettes are consumed as it is an alcohol and drug free camp. Furthermore, to minimize the camp's environmental impact, grey water from dishwashing is screened and filtered before entering a trench and all cigarette butts are taken to a landfill.

So what is the Forest Action Camp doing here out in the woods of Northern Ontario? As with any community there are many functions and roles. Some people are there to commit acts of civil disobedience to delay the cutting of the forest, raising international media attention, and increasing the economic cost of logging an ancient forest.

This affects the public/corporate image of Gouillard Lumber and increases the cost of business. So far over 40 people have been arrested (including a 69, year old woman, 4 natives, and one Innis student, who locked on to a piece of logging equipment with a Kryptonite lock). These protesters are part of a long history of civil disobedience including efforts by Ghandi, Martin Luther King, the women's suffrage movement, Clayoquot Sound, and Temagami in 1989. Meanwhile, the Ontario government refuses to comply with Ontario's environmental laws regarding logging (e.g. the Crown Forest Sustainability Act) and is being taken to court by the Wildland's League.

Other Forest Action Camp supporters play an equally important role as witnesses to the destruction of an old growth ecosystem. These memories are not easily forgotten and hopefully spur discussion and action in their home communities. Viewing active logging can have quite a profound impact and has reduced groups of visiting resource management students from Sir Sandford Flemming to tears. This is after having seen demonstration reforestation areas on tours with the Ministry of Natural Resources. It is an ecological crisis situation, the compromise has been made, 99% of this forest type is gone. It's not too late to save the last old growth red and white pine ecosystem. Earthroots vans leave every Saturday morning at 10:30 and return Tuesday, or you can volunteer your time by calling 599-0152. Get in touch with the Environmental Student Union (ESU) at 978-1786 ask them to make the trip to Temagami on a school bus. Contact the campus socio-environmental Ontario Public Research Institute Group (OPIRG) at 978-7770. You can also write a letter to Mike Harris at: Legislature Bldg., Queens Pk. Toronto, Ont. M7A 1W3. Most importantly, get involved and support the conservation of the remaining old-growth forest like these other people have:

Ma-komanising-Anishnabai First Nations • Earthroots • Wildlands League  
Temiskaming Environmental Action Committee • Association of Youth Camps on Temagami  
Lakes • Sierra Club of Eastern Canada • Friends of Temagami • Northwatch • Greenpeace  
Jack Layton & Olivia Chow (metro councillors) • Bob Hunter (co-founder of greenpeace)  
Jonathan Zeidman (the Innis guy)





# Slammin' Samain

Jen Kelly

I don't know how many of you felt ye olde Scottish blood flowing through those veins when you watched Braveheart, but I know my boyfriend did. I also know that every time I watch The Commitments, all I want to do is hop a British Airways flight back to the Emerald Isle. I was only in Ireland for ten days, but if I had my druthers, I'd spend the rest of my life there. What really struck me when I was there was the idea that for hundreds of years, civilization existed there that had nothing to do with the Christian domination that is so much a part of all the history I learned in school. This time of year especially, with All Hallow's Eve approaching, I wonder about what life would have been like "way back when".

Halloween was always a cool holiday when I was growing up. My older sister somehow managed to completely take over and decide what I was going to be. I had your typical costumes - witch, cowgirl, etc. but she managed to come up with some interesting ones, too: punk (I was 7), Hare Krishna, toilet... In fact, the year my sister put me in a bald cap, swathed me in a sheet and made me a tambourine out of two paper plates and some dried beans, she also put my younger sister in a bald cap, swathed her in a sheet and made her a tambourine out of two more paper plates and some more dried beans. She then sent us to the mall trick or treating. With my mother. Who was dressed as a nun. (I already know my family is dysfunctional...) At the time, it seemed pretty normal to me. I never wondered why I was getting dressed up. I didn't really care. I was getting candy. But now that I haven't gotten dressed up for at least five years (not for lack of wanting to, I assure you...) and I can't eat the candy because I have to worry about my weight, I've begun to wonder exactly where this kooky holiday called Halloween came from.

There are about a million names for the holiday that occurs on October 31 - Halloween, All Hallow's Eve, November Eve, Samain Eve (alternately spelled Samhain, and pronounced Sow-in). Samain is one of two major divisions of the Celtic calendar year (Beltane being the other). Whereas Beltane occurs with the onset of summer, Samain coincides with the beginning of winter. October 31 is actually the eve of Samain. These two particular days are times when the veil between reality and the otherworld is at its thinnest. Supernatural power is at its strongest on these two nights. Of the two, Samain is the more dangerous night.

The otherworld, or the world of the fairies, is essentially the opposite of our world. Midnight for us is considered "the witching hour". For the fairies, noon is the darkest time. Samain heralds the time of the year that is associated with darkness, and therefore with fairies (spirits, ghosts, goblins, etc.). With the coming of winter, life would return to the home - it was a time of telling stories around the hearth fire, of staying indoors, particularly at night, when it was said the fairies were most active. Wandering at night was said to disturb the fairy folk, and the chance that one would see the spirit of a dead relative was great. In order to prepare for the spirits, people would sweep the hearth fires clean, set up chairs around the fire, perhaps leave some food and drink, and retire to bed, leaving the spirits to do as they wished.

On October 31, it is neither summer nor winter (the two major divisions of the year). Its almost as if there is a crack in time. As such, mysterious and powerful forces are released. Sunrise or sunset could be times of great peril or rebirth. Samain is said to have been a good time for divination - of marriage, the future, death. It was also a time when hearth fires were put out. Often large bonfires (perhaps to keep away the spirits) were lit and each household relit its hearthfire with a torch from the communal fire.

People dressed in white and wore straw disguises. Men and women wore clothing of the opposite sex. Practical jokes abounded. (Those crazy Celts...) These jokes were blamed, more often than not, on the fairies, who were reputed to be running around causing havoc - stealing babies, killing livestock, destroying crops - generally causing mayhem and chaos. Livestock were led to neighboring fields. Chimneys were stopped up with turf. Smoke was blown through keyholes. Cabbages were thrown at doors. So much for egging houses.

The current practice of going out trick or treating on Halloween evolved from the Irish custom of going from house to house collecting food for the festival that would ensue later that night. The costumes worn by children on Halloween developed from the children in Ireland dressing up to "assist" the fairies and goblins in their merry-making. The children began to mimic the stories their parents told them about the spirits and caused all sorts of mischief.

After the Roman invasion, elements of the Roman harvest festival were mixed with those of the customary Celtic traditions. The traditions have also been bastardized by the spread of Christianity and a once significant festival has been reduced to Power Rangers and Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles running around screaming for candy. I suppose it could be worse, we do celebrate the birth of Jesus with present exchanges and the rising of Christ from the dead with an egg hunt. At least the general mood of Samain has persisted through time.

## More than just free candy

As children, Halloween was one of the top-ranking holidays for most of us, and for many, it still is. I think that a significant aspect of fascination (besides the mother load of free candy), is the tribal and carnivalesque nature of this holiday. There is something incredibly appealing, exciting, and liberating about donning a disguise and role-playing in the dark, surrounded by bizarre, fiery shapes. Add a bit of the grotesque, and the effect is intoxicating. It's like a ritual of rebellion, and we are drawn to this primal activity. I'll even venture to say it's almost like a cathartic safety valve, the one day we can confront, embrace, and even parody the unnatural and despicable in a socially acceptable way.

Halloween was originally the ancient Celtic New Year festival of Samhain. It was a festival of harvest and a day of the dead, when the gates between their world and ours were believed to be open, with spirits free to wander. Food offerings were made to these spirits, and bonfires lit (some say to guide the dead, others to scare them off). The Celts also dressed as wild animals or emulated ghosts. Hence our rituals of jack o' lanterns, costumes and candy. When Ireland was converted to Christianity, many people still clung to the old pagan beliefs and customs, even after the Church establishes November 1st as All Saint's Day, which is celebrated in the many catholic countries as a religious holiday (such as *Dia de los Muertos* in Mexico). Interestingly, the Celts did not necessarily view death as having negative connotations; it was more like a ritual of passage. Our modern day death imagery of ghosts, skulls and bones is really a socio-cultural expression, and the concept of the 'evil spirits' of Halloween was actually increasingly emphasized after the conversion to Christianity.

Remember the yearly lectures of "Don't eat anything until I've inspected it!" and pals exchanging gory details of razorblade apples, poisoned candy, and cult sacrifice "real life" episodes? The truth is, many of these now-classics are actually pretty unfounded, or were triggered by events slightly different from what is proclaimed. One such example occurred in the early sixties in Long Island, when a housewife was arrested for giving out arsenic-laced and poison buttons to teens. She openly admitted to this, claiming it had been a joke intended for trick-or-treaters who were too old to be asking for candy. Well, no one seemed to find it too hilarious. This woman evidently had a great deal of spare time, or else was blessed with astonishingly poor judgment.

In the 1970's, two Halloween deaths actually did occur. Inspection of the candy of one boy revealed that it had been sprinkled with heroin, an overdose of which he had died from. Immediately, rumors abounded of an elusive and evil psycho who maliciously tainted candy with drugs. However, a small detail overlooked in the publicity was that the heroin had come from the boy's uncle's stash. He had ingested it and the family sprinkled the candy to deter suspicion. Another boy died of cyanide poisoning after eating his candy, and again, it was not the infamous "Halloween sadist," but his own father who wanted to collect insurance money.

Stories of cult ritual killings and cattle mutilations are also not lacking in number. In reality, they are not reliably confirmed by statistics, despite the many who adamantly assert their verity. Some communities have been known to have law enforcement officials issue warnings, and have geared Halloween celebrations in less contemptible directions (i.e. a Harvest Fair instead of the usual, so as not to "encourage" anybody).

Perhaps these myths persevere because we want them to add spice and intrigue to the scary side of Halloween. After all, upon hearing of something evil happening on this particular evening, an extra chill runs down our spines. Or, these stories are an effort to control and institutionalize it. The legends, which have little or no basis in fact, have contributed to the more "organized and civilized" celebrating of this holiday, and a deemphasis of its primitive and grotesque elements. Could it be that we are afraid of Halloween itself? Or rather, of what could ensue if we should allow ourselves to play with masks and fire? Possibly that's going too far. Nevertheless, despite it's being blandly commercialized and institutionalized, Halloween has, in a sense, retained a great deal of its Pagan roots. To me, it is always a night charged with a certain energy that seems dormant throughout the year.

## October Editorial

It has recently come to my attention that though ramps exist for facilitating wheelchair access to Innis college, there are no buttons to open the doors at the end of those ramps. Now, there is no need for me to explain all the positive aspects of Innis in order to make up for this deficiency because we all know that Innis is pretty close to being all that one could ask for in a college; but I would like to suggest that this small (but important) lack is a metaphor for the problems of the Herald, and in fact, a metaphor in microcosm for the ups and downs of the college itself. The idea is simple: the problem has been addressed - for the ramp is already there - but the resolution of it has not been achieved for the lack of funding, initiative and public interest.

I am not faulting any of the people that are instrumental in the runnings of the college, they put in what it takes to keep Innis going and what makes it special; this is an appeal to all who benefit from what these individuals put in to make it operate smoothly on a collective level. If you get anything from the ramps (or the idea of making Innis accessible), from Innis or from the Herald, then your interest already has a sturdy foundation. If you have a little time or a minor enthusiasm for that which keeps Innis the most uninstitutional institution this side of Alcatraz, then the tools are at your disposal. What you'll do with the tools is obviously up to you, but this blatant urging will hopefully oil your apparatus and lube your inner workings to get in gear and offer your services in whichever capacity... (if you're cute, we also accept self-depicting pictorial contributions).

A great author once said that the world is not hostile - merely indifferent. Okay, that's life. Still, who wants to let some writer dictate the parameters of what you can accomplish for yourself and the people around you? (let's just ignore the fact that this is a writer talking) Seriously, Innis is a great place with a lot to offer you (this fine publication, for example), and the more you put in to it, the more you'll get out of it. Truer words were never spoken. You know why people call truisms truisms? Simple.. it's because they're true.

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# Herald Innis

## Ask the Mr. President Man!

Dear The Mr. President Man:

Before writing any tests in high school, I was always panicky and worried. Now I'm faced with University exams that are worth upwards of 100% of my mark! This scares the shit out of me. Is it true that if I have a couple of drinks before writing an exam, that it will "loosen me up" enough to not panic? Please help me to help myself. -Panic Boy

Dear Panic Boy:

Well, I guess that depends upon what kind of drinks you're talking about. If you're some kind of wimpy new student, still drinking warm milk from your mother's teat, then I'd suggest you go to community college and study underwater macrame. Now, Panic Boy, if you're the lean, mean university machine that I suspect you are, take my advice and do the following. The night before your test, drink a 24 of warm "Labatt's 50". Every time you have to pee, do it into an unwashed empty 4L milk jug. Don't study! Science has taught us that if you just put your notes under your pillow, they will percolate up into your brain. So, 20 minutes before you write your test, drink down the entire jug. The pee's salty aftertaste in your mouth will remind you of the sea, which is where all human knowledge comes from. Do this, and thank me when the A's start pouring in.

Dear the Mr. President Man:

Recently, I fell down the basement stairs at Innis College. At the bottom of the steps, lying in a crumpled heap, something came into my mind: liability! Please tell me how I can sue the pants off of Innis College, its founders, everyone who has ever worked there, will ever work there, or who has ever walked by the building. Thanks, bud! Legalissimo

Dear Legalissimo:

Well, I might not be the best person to ask, because I'm not a lawyer. However, I have seen every episode of L.A. Law, and my favourite character was "Benny", who went on to be the bad guy in Darkman. Did you ever see that movie? It was directed by Sam Raimi, the classy guy who brought us Evil Dead, Evil Dead II, and the successful third movie Army of Darkness. I particularly liked how in those movies there were like, geysers of blood. Even though it looked pretty fake, my mind started to wander and think about just how painful it would be to release an entire geyser of blood. I mean, I know that the human body is composed mainly of water, just like a watermelon, but to have that much liquid come out of my body would probably hurt like hell. Speaking of hell, this is a question that probably often perplexes lawyers, which is whether or not hell exists. Still, questions which mean to connect church and state have no matters in politics, and being a president (not of a state, but of a student society), this means that I cannot answer your question for moral reasons. I apologize, but that's life for you.

Dear The Mr. President Man:

I have not been getting much sleep since coming to university. I am so busy, that sleep is something I don't even get on the weekends! How can I better manage my time so that sleep is again in my life? -Sleepless in Toronto

Dear Sleepless:

Wow! You have been pretty busy haven't you? I understand your case. This is a syndrome that many people fall into upon coming to university. Wanting desperately to fit in, you begin to brag about all the sex you're having. Now, this column that I am taking time to write is supposed to help people with real, legitimate problems - not to overinflate someone's sex ego. I think that it's great that you are having so much sex you don't have time to sleep. But, I mean, really. Your letter is taking up valuable space in this column, and I would ask that everyone stop writing in about their sex life! I received another letter (which I refused to address) that went like this: "I feel suicidal, and hate my life. What should I do?" I mean, really folks! Enough is enough. Fine, you are "doing it", that doesn't mean we want to hear about "it". I'm really glad to know you're "boinking". Your "hump-a-long" lifestyle, if it makes you proud, then that's great. But, please: keep it in the bedroom.

Dear The Mr. President Man:

I am having some problems with sex. It's great and everything, but I can never orgasm. Please, help me. I just want sex to be as enjoyable as it can be. -Upset

Dear Upset:

If it's really a problem, you should try to do things which excite you more. For example, go into a store, and make your way to the front display windows. Jump in, take off all your clothes, and masturbate for the passers by. When the cops show up, try to take off their pants and start an orgy. Maybe this kind of display doesn't do it for you. Maybe you should just get a pet, and experiment with that. Not that you heard it from me, but ferrets are particularly adept at climbing into small onices. Fill up your bathtub with mashed potatoes and spend a week getting to know yourself. Try the old "turkey baster filled with nutella" treatment - that oughta do it. And, if nothing else works, perhaps you're just overtired. Ask your doctor to prescribe some sleeping pills and try to get a good night's sleep.

## Meet the I.C.S.S.

Joel Schuster

Well, some of you might have some questions on what your student government really does, and who composes it. Here goes trying to explain some of it. First off, if you want to come and check us out, we are open Monday & Tuesday 10-6, Wednesday & Thursday 2-6, and Friday 11-1. We are located in Room 116 in Innis College.

We are currently organizing Thursday activities, which include free coffee and food, and perhaps a weekly pub night with exciting DJs. More on this later. Also, mid-October we're having a Star Wars movie night in the Innis Movie Theatre, with prizes for best costume, best wookiee roar, and other arbitrary things. You'll see the ads.

Also, remember that at the end of October is our annual HALLOWE'EN PARTY! This is always a huge bender, so be sure to come up with a costume early to avoid the rush.

Anyway, here are some of the people who constitute the executive of the Innis College Student Society, otherwise known as the Innis Gummint.

**President:** That's me. I'm the guy whose head looks like a dirty spider plant.

**Vice President (Government):** That's Len McKee, the big guy who is in charge of making sure other people are doing their jobs. Who watches the watchmen? No one knows.

**Vice President (Services):** Good old Ojus Ajmra, the stand up dude responsible for resetting the Residence's foundation after it started to crack last year. For those of you living in residence, your place to live is only because of Ojus' quick thinking.

**Treasurer:** Eugene Fong Dere. He's all stressed out because he has to deal with the finances at Innis. And he volunteered!

**Sports Reps:** Dave Kim, Jing-Ling Kao, Keely Brown. Because of these guys, Innis has sports teams! Just don't blame them for the teams' results.

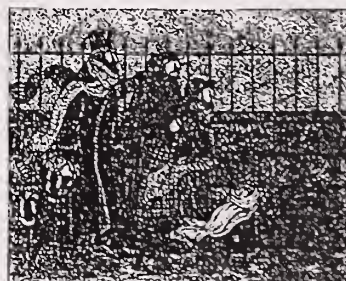
**Social Reps:** Toshi & Sabra. They're putting together the Hallowe'en pub with Lauren for the end of October. As well as basically every other social event Innis will ever do. Their job is like purgatory.

**Clubs Rep:** Chris Lam. See him if you want to put a club together or join a club. Or hit someone with a club.

**Spirit Challenge:** At Innis, this is a challenge. Talk to Carmen Logic about it.

**First Year Reps:** Dana D'Cunha and Jason Scime. They don't know what they're getting into.

Hey, the Education Commissioner position has just become vacant. If you're interested in it just call 978-0840 and leave a message. The job is basically done, so it'll be a lot of hanging around waiting for a problem. Fun! Well, that's it for this month. See you at Star Wars, and Hallowe'en. And, feel free to drop by room 116 at any time. Any time. Really. WE LOVE YOU!



She knitted mufflers Endlessly

## Ode to Innisites

anonymous (why is there no name? Give us names! eek! L.ed.)

No brutal bitter controversies will be intoxicating devils at Innis College  
try not to suffer,  
to explode,  
to fight,  
her cock's rock ignores,  
a single childbirth resembles  
Innis College's vast expertise of sin



# Rez Says

## WHAT'S YOUR BITCH?

### Ask the Resident Bitch

Hello Innisites, this is your resident Bitch therapist Mona here to help better the bitching ills that some of you have expressed. What are my credentials you ask? Well I bitch as much as the best of them and well that's enough for me. If anyone has any objections...fuck you.

Our first bitch comes from an Innis resident. He/she/it writes:

"There should be a pop machine and candy machine in the res, because it is a pain to have to walk all the way to Bloor in the middle of winter for a drink."

Well thirsty, allow me to point out a few things first. I don't know if you are aware of the natural arrangement of the seasons, but this is considered fall not winter, also there's a new drink out there called water, try it sometime. There is also the Campus Store located just beside the residence, and they also sell "drinks." But seriously, I think you have an unnatural obsession with soft drinks if you are willing to go to such great lengths to obtain them. I think you should seek professional help in the psychiatric variety. Even though I agree a vending machine would be a bonus, the big screen t.v.'s, pool table, exercise room, and running fountain the res has should suffice. My advice? Get some help and get over it.



Our next bitch is from an Innis college student. He/she/it writes:

"I'd like to bitch about poser bike couriers."

All I can say is...WHO THE HELL POSES AS A BIKE COURIER!?!?

Either you are one or you're not. I don't know what's sadder, the fact that you know people like this, or the fact that you ARE people like this. My advice? I think you should become a sniper and pick them off one by one as they ride by.

This next bitch comes from an Innis resident. He/she/it writes:

"I'd like to bitch about child proof lighters."

I have often said that safety lighters are not only child proof but Mona proof as well. Being a smoker I must agree that yes, they are really a bitch. Also, I don't think children are given enough credit. Some of them know how to surf the net at age 5, and some 8 year olds even kill their parents. I'm sure if a child really wanted to, they could be quite capable of working a lighter.

Our next bitch comes from a resident student. He/she/it writes:

"I'd like to bitch about the fact that it rains every weekend in Toronto."

Well all wet, you must have mistaken me for God, I have no control over the weather, so my advice? Invest in an umbrella and deal with it.

Mona's own personal bitch: "I'd like to bitch about the fact that that not enough people bitch. Didn't the boxes look appealing? (What boxes? ed. bitch) Were the pictures not eye-catching enough? (What pictures? ed. bitch) The boxes are there for a reason, not to look pretty or to be a cheap attempt at ripping off the Speaker's Corner concept, no the boxes are there to be used for everyday bitching. So my advice? USE THEM. Oh, and this is a private message for Stevie...I will not give you horsey in your room, not because there aren't any pets allowed in the res, but because you are a very strange boy...FREAK."

## Wild Orgy Consumes Innis Residence

Hey hey! I hope everyone has had an excellent first month in residence - I know I have. There have been at least two highly successful floor crawls (if one can gauge success by volume of vomit and general drunkenness), a super trip to Canada's Wonderland, movie nights and a good vibe over all. I was talking to the Residence Bitch (whose column appears above), and from the small number of whiners who actually complained about something, it seems that Innis is a pretty happy place.

As usual I have some reminders about rules in the Residence. If you want to put up anything on the bulletin boards, they must be stamped first by a Don. Think of this as an excuse to get to know one of the many good looking, charismatic grad students who are here to help you. Behind the front desk there is a board which indicates which Dons are home, and you can find out what room they are in by asking security (who are also here to make your life go as smoothly as possible).

Some of the issues which have come up at Council meetings have been House allocation of funds and general budget questions. At this point each house has \$500 to spend any way you choose (except alcohol and illegal narcotics). If you have ideas on how to spend this money so that everyone in your House has a good time talk to your friendly neighborhood House Rep [First House: Ben Greenhouse, Rm. 127. Devo West: Muniza Rauf, Rm. 204. Vladimir: Mike Audet, Rm. 422. Ajax

House: Maki Geressu, Rm. 501. North House: Anju Gursahani, Rm. 739. Taddle Creek: John Roppa, Rm. 304.]

Or, you can bring it up at a House meeting.

We also talked about the possibility of a Residence Formal. It was decided that since it is so expensive to put one on, and the I.C.S.S. will be holding a formal anyways, that like last year we will be sponsoring the Innis formal. This means that the Residence has a duty to help make the formal happen; if you are interested in helping out or being on the formal committee, talk to Toshi Takishita in Rm. 527 who is the I.C.S.S. social convenor (with Sabra Ripley). In previous years it has been held at Casa Loma (totally beautiful) and the Park Plaza hotel (just down the street). Some ideas I have heard kicking around are to hold the formal on a boat or a train. If you have any experience in this sort of thing or just want to get involved, your help would be totally appreciated.

I think that's all I have to share. If anything here sounds particularly interesting to you, it will come as a wonderful surprise to know that Residence Council meetings are open to all residents. The meetings are always announced a few days in advance on the white board in the main lobby, and are held in the events room (I'm sure you all know where that is by now). As always, if you have any questions, comments, or general beefs, come see me in Rm. 527. Thanks, Darren.

## Word from the V.L.F.

Once, a building stood across the street from 666 Spadina. This building stood in shambles, home to more insects than humans. It was called Vladimir House, and in this house that faced evil, we lived and thrived. The tyranny of stinky fridges and rusty faucets, giant earwigs and toenail parings, plagued the heads of psychotic cleaners. A bowling ball and tuneless piano were but few of the sad aspects of our lives.

"Something must be done!" a room full of revolutionaries cried. And thus the VLF was conceived and born in a room, lit by speckles of television light from 666. Those who choose will remember, the VLF sought freedom from oppression, injustice, and boredom.

Little things began to happen. One morning a window was noticed to be broken, another morning, a dead squirrel was found in the yard. Strange disappearances were noticed; a pair of socks, a pad of paper, and then an entire wall went missing.

Oh woe! summer day when a trip to Cora's pizza revealed to me a changed world. This wretched building had lost its chance to make it on the map, at long last succumbed to the wrecking ball of University cutbacks. And so stands Vlad, a sandy court for a winter city.

### A few helpful hints from the Innis College Registrar's Office:

1. Pick up your OSAP at the Innis College Registrar's Office. The Office receives new documents each Thursday.
2. Pay your outstanding fees by October 15th. Beginning October 15th, the Fees Office will begin charging interest on outstanding fees.
3. Read your October edition of the Registrar's Newsletter. Included in this mailing will be a copy of your enrollment history. Any errors in your enrollment history should be reported to the Registrar's Office immediately for correction.
4. Know Academic deadlines. November 1st is the deadline to drop A & F courses without academic penalty.
5. Know Financial deadlines. After October 18 there is NO refund for "Y" courses.



# Features

## Love In the Time of H.I.V.

The doctor asked three questions. Have you ever had homosexual contact? Have you ever taken drugs intravenously? Have you ever had a sexually transmitted disease? No. No. And no (I know it's strange that I never had an STD - don't think it doesn't make me feel like a freak.)

"Then," said the doctor, "you are not someone who has to worry about the HIV virus."

That was just over a year ago and I have often thought about that doctor over the last 12 months - the year that Freddie Mercury died, Magic Johnson tested positive and the year that heterosexual women were suddenly told they were at risk, the year of finally knowing that nobody is immune - and wondered if my doctor still feels so sanguine.

The doctor had my shirt off and trousers down for a routine medical check-up, but it wasn't a shadow on the x-rays or a collapsed liver that was causing angst. I knew that statistically heart disease and cancer were more likely to come creeping up behind me, but that wasn't on my mind. On my mind were a few lines written by John Updike in *Rabbit At Rest*: "Love and death, they can't be prised apart any more."

It is in the air, this fear, the way we once worried about a nuclear holocaust although statistically we were much more likely to die in a car crash. Except an atomic bomb hasn't killed anyone for half a century and HIV claimed another victim in the time it took to read this sentence. The World Health Organization estimates that by the end of this century there will be 30 to 40 million people who are HIV positive and 12 to 18 million with AIDS. Already 30 per cent of pregnant women in Tanzania and Uganda are HIV positive, but what exactly do these figures mean for those of us currently leading a relatively 'normal' life? Are those "wipe-out" figures? Consider Magic Johnson. He has been praised - quite rightly - for the dignity and courage that he has shown dealing with the knowledge that he is HIV positive. Then there is the tennis star Ashe, who dominated the world of Wimbledon during the Sixties, received the deadly virus while undergoing a vascular surgery, through a tainted blood sample. How is our view of Ashe different from that of Magic, or are the two equally tragic? Is our compassion to be reserved for only those who contract it through high risk surgery or those who contract it through sexual contact? The gay community has been displaying exactly those qualities of dignity and courage for the last ten years and have gone virtually unnoticed by the media.

It seems the more we learn, the less we know. It seems we are being weighed down with loads of information. Weighed down, weighed down on a daily basis. They now say that heterosexual women are more at risk than heterosexual men. This disease is so awful to contemplate that we fight the urge to wash our hands of it. The loss of the good old days when all you had to worry about were the clap and crabs and a head-butt from a jealous boyfriend are just too awful to contemplate. The fact is, that nobody is safe, and this awful fear has bred an awful selfishness. The common consensus among many men is essentially: "Guys like us are OK." Perhaps if you have been sleeping with the same partner for years and you have both been faithful, then maybe you are OK. But for anyone else, anyone who cares for the future, nothing is OK until the disease is contained.

Sex, death, and rock'n'roll, they say. "Rock'n'roll Suicide" may apply to some of the stars leading a jet set lifestyle like Freddy Mercury who tested HIV positive on his thirteenth test. On the day he was cremated, posters began appearing all over the London Underground. "HIV TESTING - FAST AND ANONYMOUS," they said, giving a telephone number in central London. It changed people's minds, but many people here still think that HIV is a license you need to drive a big truck. This attitude has to change. With the death of Freddy Mercury in England, emerged a new consciousness that said - "Are You Sure of Yourself?" - and almost overnight HIV testing became a big industry. In the days after Mercury died, the clinics and AIDS information phone lines were flooded with calls. AIDS charities reported a dramatic increase in donations. Mercury's death increased awareness of AIDS among millions of young people. But it hasn't happened here, yet, and I don't want to feel like a sadist, but I firmly believe that Canada has a lot of waking up to do. A few years ago a Thai bar girl was quoted as saying that if she thought a client had the HIV virus then she would make sure he had a "good wash"! I'm not sure that the average Canadian's knowledge of the virus is much better than hers.

The mourning of Freddy Mercury was almost overwhelmed by an obsession with the disease that killed him. AIDS fever had come to Britain, but where are we compared to the rest of the world? As a first world country, Canada has a moral right to set an example for others to follow. Yet many think that homosexuals, or the majority of AIDS victims had brought it on themselves, that it is somehow self-inflicted. But teenage pregnancy is self-inflicted, so are many car crashes. My grade nine roommate's grandfather died of lung cancer - that was certainly self-inflicted, but we still wept for him. How can you say - well, he brought it on himself. What are you? A reader of the *National Enquirer*?

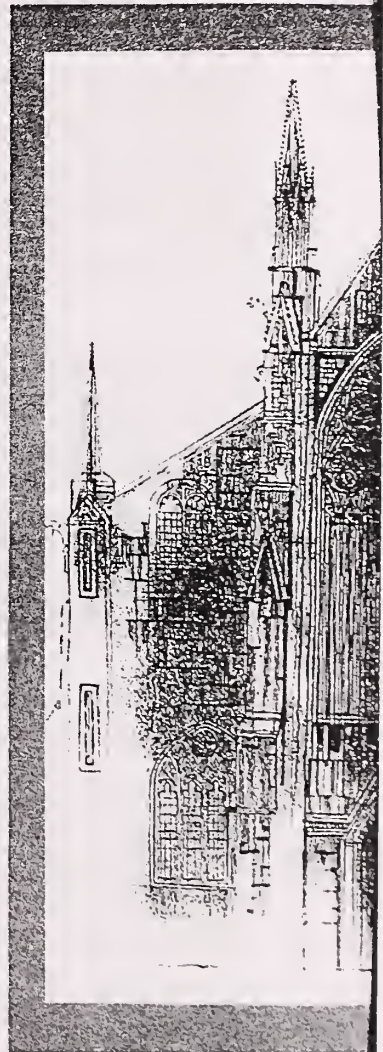
Still, there are many who see HIV as the wrath of God, a holy fire poured down from Sodom. As a former Queen manager revealed that Mercury had serviced hundreds of lovers, columnists focused on his promiscuity. Many stated that it was his promiscuous lifestyle, particularly his fondness for homosexual intercourse, that killed him. Others went on claiming Mercury was sheer poison. "A man bent on abnormal sexual pleasures, corrupt, corrupting, and a drug user." I understand that there is nothing admirable about touring the streets seeking young male prostitutes to have sex with, and share drugs with, but if AIDS is truly viewed as a punishment for the wicked, then it is highly selective. Where, if that is the case, is the virus

that attacked the SS guards at Auschwitz? Or Pol Pot's executioners or the guards in Stalin's campus or the death squads of El Salvador or the torturers of a dozen countries. I don't care if Freddy Mercury slept with 10,000 men - this world has seen greater evils than promiscuity and sees them every day. But the backlash continues. A recent report in a Toronto newspaper said, "Since records began in 1982, 3247 people have died of AIDS in Canada. Of those, only 21 have been men or women in apparently stable heterosexual relationships. By comparison, 75 people a year die falling off ladders. But AIDS is not the point, HIV is, and with the incubation period of years, it may be a long time before we discover the ultimate plans that the Human Immune Deficiency Virus has for the human race. But we will know soon enough.

We would do well to remind ourselves that people with AIDS are neither lepers nor care bears. Magic Johnson is praised, Freddy Mercury is damned, but it isn't possible that the truth is more complex than either the tabloids or the AIDS fundraisers allows? Magic Johnson has shown guts and dignity but his sexual habits have probably helped to spread the disease. Isn't true that Magic Johnson has been both reckless and brave, admirably dignified and impossibly dumb? That sounds pretty dumb to me. Still here are those who like a party animal council complacency. "Only 26 heterosexuals with high-risk partners - including bisexuals, drug needle users and haemophiliacs infected with tainted blood - have died of AIDS," thunders a headline in a national newspaper. Well, Magic Johnson has not died of AIDS - but would anyone doubt that he is living with a death sentence? Sure they could find a cure, or medication that will prevent the development of AIDS, or is it possible for some people to have a natural immunity to AIDS? I guess we will only know in say 20, 30, 40 years if people who contracted the disease today are still alive. They say that a medical breakthrough at the very least ten years away - we still await a medical breakthrough for cancer and the common cold. Early days, these, but probably too late for Johnson, and millions like him. There is a great temptation to see this as the end of the line. But Oscar Wilde had syphilis and so did Henry VIII and Theo Van Gogh. It is not STD's and promiscuity that are new, but monogamy.

"The puzzling question is why the human species is not universally a high-partner change species," wrote William Rees-Mogg. "In genetic terms, it is monogamy that has to be explained. Part of the explanation may be the impact of previous sexually transmitted diseases." Rees-Mogg pointed out that, after the medical vanquishing of syphilis, it was a fear of unwanted pregnancy that made people keep their trousers buttoned. "Until the late fifties this norm of monogamy was enforced by the fear of pregnancy," wrote Rees-Mogg. "The question is whether in the nineties or later it will be restored by the fear of AIDS."

Fear seems to be the operative word here. Love in the time of HIV - it's like riding the safety at midnight in New York. It is not the actual violence that tugs at your heart, but the fear of



violence. The threat, the promise, all weighed down. It is the fear that urges to turn our backs, to believe the newspapers that tell us that if you love your wife and don't take drugs and are not homosexual then this is not your problem. I saw someone on T.V. saying he was in a loving, monogamous heterosexual relationship and so HIV had nothing to do with him. Well, me too. But someday we may have children, and they will have relationships, and friends and sexual activity (AND DRUGS ed.). The cruel fact is that we are all one orgasm away from the grave, well, you don't even have to have an orgasm.

The most severely hit gay community has lived with this epidemic as heroes. They have shown a courage and dignity and compassion that most 'real' men couldn't come close to. Well, they are not alone anymore. Now all men and women are equal when that doctor comes through the door.

**"LE MONDE EST DANGEREUX À VIVRE  
NON À CAUSE DE CEUX QUI FONT  
LE MAL MAIS À CAUSE DE CEUX QUI  
REGARDENT ET LAISSENT FAIRE"**

A. EINSTEIN



# Features

## Ovaltine (for Damian)

Hello. My name is Oatmar. I am a rock star. I live in sunnyside LA where waking up at 9 am can be a sexy thing. Especially when there is a pretty, young thing yelling up to your apartment from the outside. Yesterday, I had to cut some overdubs in the afternoon. It was our last day of recording and tomorrow we are moving studios and going into mix mode.

This morning the sun was coming in through the window and blinding me. I had gone to bed late last night, but till felt tired and sleepy when I woke up this morning. There was a cool breeze coming in through the open window, blowing the curtains up and down, from side to side in ghost like fashion, bringing with it a voice that was sunny, cool and beautiful, like the morning itself. I knew right away whose voice it was.

It belonged to this girl named Jennifer who was coming up to me at gigs to talk about music and stuff. She was always fawning but never really saying or doing anything embarrassing. And I knew she was cool cuz her name was the same as a girl from a hit band in San Diego who went by the name of the Royal Trux. Plus she was Jewish, I think.

She seemed to like me quite a bit and it was obvious that it was only because I was an all-of-a-sudden famous "alternative-rock" star. Not a stud, but a slim, dark-hair-in-my-eyes kind-of-guy. Acid guitar flowing, singer, songwriter, performer, and therefore "cool".

Last night I had run into her at a free-jazz basement gig at the Van Gogh on La Cienega Boulevard. The underground tenor-legend Charles Gyle was playing and the atmosphere was very interesting. It was at this point what I knew something was going on, that maybe she wanted to make out with me or something, and I joked to her about how I'd love to get an early start the next day so I could get some personal shit done before running off to the studio. She asked me where I lived and I told her. She poked me in the hip and said, "I'll wake you up." And then spin around to socialise and hang out. I kinda really didn't know what to say but was excited and a bit nervous. As soon as the gig ended she split.

So this morning...

I bolted to the window with just my shorts on and said "hey", and tossed her my keys in a sock. I threw on a T-shirt and started to make coffee. She brought a thing of orange juice with her.

Her first words were: "Hey, do you do drugs?"

"Um, no, not really."

"I don't either," she said.

"I mean I used to in school. Blotter acid was a big thing. But... you know, in LA it's too fucked. I'm kinda straight edge I guess. I smoke pot once in a while..."

"Yeh, God, I love pot!"

"Really? Hmmm, I might have something stashed away here somewhere..."

The thought of smoking pot with this girl was very exciting. That

was indeed the situations where romance would almost have to be the outcome. And I knew I had a half-full one-liter.

"You want some coffee?" I asked.

"Sure... here's some orange juice too. No, the reason I was asking was cuz my roommate broke up with this guy and he had left a tinfoil thing of cocaine in her bedroom. And um, it's been a while and she said she was going to throw it out. Or I could take it if I wanted. She didn't seem to care."

"Wow."

"Yeh, so I thought we should do lines with our orange juice."

"OK, but it's been along time since I snorted cocaine. I don't wanna get a fucking heart attack or nothing."

"I think it's cool. She said she did some and it was pretty mellow."

"All right, let's fuckin do it."

She was laughing and I was super happy.

"You want milk in your coffee?"

"Yeh, just milk."

She had a razor blade inside the tinfoil and chopped the shit up while I sipped coffee. "How old are you?" I asked.

"21."

"Hmmm..."

"You're 29 right?" She knew.

"Yep, I'm old."

"Naw. But that's cool."

She had on the dopest V-cut polyester-like thing - it was like a Burger King outfit but very luscious. Very rocking. We snorted the lines with a dollar bill and chugged OJ. Smoking pot was the best chaser in the world for coke. After you start getting high on that, you light up a cigarette. It's very amazing.

Then we just sat there looking at each other, just smiling as we simultaneously felt the rocking high. She was looking all high and glass-eyed. I leaned forward towards her and then we made out for a while.

"Hey, let's watch TV," I said.

"OK."

The TV was near the bed. The morning shows, to me, are a sublime turn-on - a part of the erotic effescence of the chilly morning shoreline.

And so then...

We jumped in bed and rolled around a bit kissing and petting. I pinned her shoulders down and straddled her waist kissing her face. Her hair was blond with really dark roots. I pulled off the top of her Burger King outfit and started kissing her very delicious, very sexy body. I pulled off her skirt and her underwear and saw she had beautiful black pubic hair. I had sworn a long time ago not to obsess on any one body part and knew it was always much more rewarding to feel and sense the woman as a whole. Also I remembered something by a woman about how to totally approach giving head and one thing was to put in your mind that the girl is a queen you are servicing. You must lick them as if you are invited into sacred territory. It's also much greater for the man if he succeeds in this. Well that's certainly the head I got into on that morning.

In the midst of my cunnilingus activity she would lift her legs up and created a very penetratable position. I realised she had come as she settled down, purring and laughing. I began to lick her stomach but she got up and pushed me back. She was stroking me and biting me and...

"Can we use a rubber?" she said.

"Yeah of course."

"Hold on." She padded to her coat came back with a rubber. She put it on and then straddled on top of me and began to glide it in. She just moved around the head for a little bit which got us both nuts and then slipped in all the way. We were fucking

-----CensoRed----- (for your own benefit....ed)-

I cooled off for a little while we lay side by side staring at each other. We started to make out again and I got on top of her and slowly put it back and and then we rolled on to our sides and gently rocked.

"Where exactly do you live?" I asked in my luxurious bed-tone.

"This girl Macy has a place in the TriBeCa that I stay at."

"She's your roommate?"

"Yeh, kind of."

"I don't think I know her..."

"She works at Polygram, she says she knows you."

"Oh yeh... she must be like a new producer there of something. That's cool..."

"Yeh, totally cool. She signed up Snow and produced the new Groovy Religion album."

Oh man... that's pretty heavy..."

"Should we do it doggy style?" she asked.

Amazing. I kinda froze. "If you want to, yeah."

"Whoa..." I sighed - she laughed and we fell back and hugged and scratched( ???get those fleas off...ed.) each other in the afterglow.

When MTV made us famous, I started having sex with different girls ad women. I had always aspired to have casua sex but I was too shy about getting it happening, plus I wasn't exactly Keanu Reeves. Most girls had boyfriends anyway. I figured on being a single loner guy for a while because usually every time I did sleep with someone I'd feel someone I'd feel myself failing i unhinged lovr, forever again. I simply had to be careful.

With Jennifer, our compatibly was a strong bond, but you could never know...

Later that afternoon she accomplished me to the Rainbow, our recording studio on Beverly boulevard. On my way in I bumped into some guys from the Sonic Youth, who were still too shaken by Nirvana's Kurt Cobain's suicide death. Inside, Lenny Kravitz was just putting some finishing touches to a new single, and Rudolph Grey his producer was just there listening and supervising.

During that time I grabbed a pen and started stabbing away at some new lines. I showed it to Eddie Vedder, our bassist who seemed to like them who then showed it to Gerald Cole our drummer. We took it in and worked on it.

As Coley thumbed the drums and Eddie gave us a strong bass, I snag the lyrics strumming the cool-acid guitar, hair flowing in my eyes, while Jennifer bopped to the beat.

The lyrics were funny and went like this:

"Seaside lover gonna rock the boat  
Gonna roll it up fat superdope  
Yeh pass it around or stick it on a pin  
Boogie lover with the bunny skin  
My plastic lady here's a glitter roll  
Straight from my heart thru thy soul  
Yeh I don't car about your dirty hair  
All Praise due Queen and Yogi Bear  
SAID GET BACK IN THE BOAT YEH!  
Vicarius pleasure in my brain  
Fantastic life never the same  
Identity come set it free  
Come set me out to mystery  
MISTER E-MIND YEH!  
Silly Rabbit, Trix are for kids  
Your carrot suffice's got me on the skids  
I don't care about dirty har r  
Got a fuzzy finger miss bunny tail  
HIP HOP TILL YOU DROP YEH  
HIP HOP

The Herald's featured writer of the month is Saurabh Sharma, an ex-Innis student. He transferred to U.C Berkeley last summer, but has sent us articles anyway. You may have passed him in the Pit, seen him browsing in Club Monico, or caught a glimpse of him showering in the YMCA. Maybe, but probably not. He is the Innis Herald's Foreign News Correspondant and for personal reasons, keeps his presence a secret. Even we at the Herald know little about him. Deeply imbedded in LA, he sends us packages seeped in the mystery and glamour of Beverly Hills 90210.



# Toronto Supplement

## Style on the Streets of Metro

Antonia Yee

Street Style, Toronto's first-ever annual all-day Fashion Festival featuring five outdoor fashion shows including thirty designers and four hundred garments kicked off Sunday, September 29th under less than ideal conditions and gross mis-organization. Originally slated for Saturday, September 27th, but subsequently rained out at the last minute, Street Style was erroneously rescheduled to run simultaneously with WORD on the Street, Toronto's annual outdoor literary festival. Attendance at the outdoor fashion show on Richmond St. was grievously poor, facing direct competition with an already firmly established event. People in attendance looked rather as if they had stumbled upon the event, and not deliberately planned to attend. This was most likely as much a cause of the infrequent drizzle and overcast skies as it was the result of poor advertising for the re-scheduling of the show. Although I knew it was taking place somewhere near Queen St, and desperately wanted to attend, I had great difficulty in locating the event. Eventually I was forced to enter a high-end fashion store on Queen to ask for directions. Despite the fact that this store was participating as one of the many designers featured, the staff seemed somewhat unsure of the time and place.

Having finally reached my destination, I was thrilled by the visually pleasing sixty foot runway covered in graffiti and advertisements for the designers. The sound system was excellent, but it really is unfortunate and negligent that the runway was situated so far from the fashion booths representing prominent stores and designers including F/X, Comrags, Hype Clothing and many more. Absent was the sense of unity in this event, and the emcee was finally forced to ask people to wander over to the booths, whose occupants looked tired, discouraged and bored.

I managed to catch the second in the series of five fashion shows, entitled "Left of Bay", a collection of urban contemporary designers. Ford provided the models for nine different designers to 'strut their stuff' on stage to the beat of hip and bassy beats. Emceeding was Toronto's own infamous Ziggy (for who hasn't heard her sultry, why-don't-you-come-fuck-me-I'm-a-ditz voice as host of CityTV's *Life on Venus* Ave 7?). Noteworthy designers included Ms. Kendra, who's clothing line can be described as feminine, strong, provocative, sassy, but not constricting. Her all-encompassing color scheme combined bold blacks, deep greys and vital reds. Solid blacks and greys were predominately accented by shocking red hosiery. The masculine motif was strongly presented in ensembles flouting white buttoned shirts, loose neckties in bold prints and short shorts. Christina Tandberg's line of fun and modern knitwear took advantage of the lush textures and colours unique to yarn. Her knitwear line features everything from plush mohairs to slinky rayons, uniquely sculpted into pieces with clean, elegant silhouettes. For more funky and outrageous wear, designer Ritta Koleva indulges in a line of fantastical, whimsical, wearable art. Also animated and original was Anne Hung's sleeveless candybar wrapper floor-length dress. Taking the modern trend of recycling to a new frontier, this dress is a mosaic of laminated used chocolatebar wrappers. The works of all four of these designers, plus many others, can be found in Yorkville at Left Of Bay.

In the end, despite the bad weather and poor organization, the concept of an annual fashion day like Street Style has been long overdue and much needed. The fashion show itself was fabulous and hip; Canadian and local designers really proved their worth in a highly competitive market. Musical interludes featured great Toronto bands, such as Big Rude Jake, a great live-performance band who brought energy and life to the scanty crowd. I look forward with much anticipation to next year, hoping that organizers have learned from their past mistakes, to an even bigger and better Street Style.

## Kensington Market

Miles Ford

The cluttered streets of Kensington market smell of the sea in the morning. They smell of the fresh shipments of live and dead herring and trout, of octopus and oyster and of brittle bendy-eyed crab. You walk over a street, or even further down the same one and you are suddenly hit with the smell of blood -- in the early morning the nameless white trucks block traffic to unload their shipments of raw fresh meat from the slaughterhouse, sliced cow carcass, and whole pigs to be marinated and hung in shop windows. Above that smell is the twinge of a barnyard, a hint of hay and animal shit. This comes from the truckload of chickens going to the factory hidden in a back alley where from nine to five old Portuguese women run knives through the bellies of killed fowl and empty their hearts and intestines out into a big blue plastic vat.

From then on a chaos of selling and yelling and beeping car horns and jangling bike bells and skinny punk junkies floating down the sidewalk, and old drunk men sitting on crowded little patios smoking rolled cigs and tall Rastafari with shirts off and tattoos walking places, and a confusion of music, a mix of top-forty easy listening and traditional Portuguese folk, of punk and country, of Tom Waits and Mariah Carey. It's a mixture of everything in K market and the only place that really don't give a shit about it.

It's true that over the years the pandemonium of the market has become fashionable, that there are now swank little coffee dispensaries and the Hey-I-Found-This-Junk-In-My-Basement clothing stores have started changing as much as Le Chateau and the Gap, but in my writer's mind I imagine it all to be a passing fad, that there is something more tenacious about the true culture you can find there, impervious to all the trendoid sell-out routines and spoiled-brat-Sex-Pistol-revival-tour-babies. I imagine that somewhere in the bowels of the market amidst the foul smells of garbage day and the sewage run off of cowblood and urine, a heart beats quietly to itself and remains eternally undiscovered, regardless of the passing of time and rock and roll bands. A sappy sentimentalist am I perhaps for these observations, but fuck it, it's an honest testimonial nonetheless.

## The U of T Bookstore SERIES ...

proudly presents for the month of October

Tues. Oct. 15th, 7:30 pm A BIG NIGHT OF POETRY from Black Moss Press & ECW Press presents Allan Safarik, Karen Mulhallen, Robert Hilles, John B. Lee, Stuart Ross, R.M. Vaughan. Located at The Rivoli 334 Queen W.

Wed. Oct. 16th, 7:30 pm (free) An evening of fiction with Joy Kogowa, The Rain Ascends and Eden Robinson, Traplines. Located at the Hart House Library

Wed. Oct. 23rd, 7pm (tickets on sale Oct. 1st: \$5/\$3 student/senior 978-7993 or I free ticket with a purchase of The Sibling Society from the U of T Bookstore)

an evening with Robert Bly author of Iron John. Located at the Macmillan Theatre, Faculty of Music, 80 Queen's Park

Mon. Oct. 28th, 7:30 pm (tickets from Oct. 7th: \$5/\$3 student/senior 978-8668 or buy the book at U of T Bookstore & get a free ticket) An evening with Bob Rae reading from From Protest to Power: Personal Reflections on a Life in Politics. Located at Hart House Theatre 7 Hart House Circle

Tues. Oct. 29th, 7:30 pm (free) In conversation about media, leaders, racism, feminism, Quebec sovereignty... Judy Rebick & Kike Roach 'Politically Speaking' Located at the Med Sci Auditorium 1 King's College Circle (UofT)

## WORD on the Street has it ...

Antonia Yee

Tens of thousands of people crowded Queen St. on Sunday, September 29th, to participate in one of Toronto's greatest annual literary events, WORD on the Street. Closed-off between Spadina and Simcoe St., Queen St. functioned as a temporary home to approximately 200 booths, dedicated solely to the celebration of literacy and the printed word. A wide range of literature was represented; from mainstream magazine publishing houses such as MacLean's (who, incidentally, had one of the best deals; all current issues of their magazines sold for the price of a loonie), to a whole array of independently published 'zines; and from contemporary bookstore chains including Coles/Smiths and Edward's Books and Art, to smaller Canadian and local presses, including Quarry Press and (the highly recommended) Insomniac Press. The bargains to be had at the mainstream bookstore booths weren't especially appealing, and in the case of the Edward's Art and Books sale, one would be better off both price-wise and selection-wise to wait for their semi-annual warehouse sales in Toronto. Disappointingly, Penguin Publishing displayed a dismal selection of books, and severely understocked their supply,

so that mid-way through the afternoon the booth was virtually empty.

In addition, several special interest groups were represented. Among them were a vast number of specifically targeted literacy advocate groups, PEN Canada, an organization championing freedom of press on behalf of writers around the world who are politically persecuted, tortured, and sometimes even executed for their writing, as well as the Antiquarian Roadshow, which offered free appraisals of older texts. The University of Toronto was also well represented through the University of Toronto Press and the U of T Bookstore Reading Series among other booths.

The highlights of WORD on the Street undoubtedly included the readings happening at tents set up all over the streets, featuring prominent authors. I had the opportunity of dropping by the Chapter's Launching Pad to catch the tail end of David Suzuki's reading from one of his latest books, *The Japan We Never Knew*, and getting close enough to the stage to see Stuart McLean, author of *Welcome Home*, read from his new book, *Stories From the Vinyl Cafe*, which is currently topping best-sellers lists. Confident, humorous, charming and well-spoken, Stuart spoke to a packed audience for approximately twenty-minutes, reading one of his short stories entitled "The Jockstrap" a story of a mother's desperate search for

a peice of hockey equipment for her seven year old son. Amid unanimous laughter from the audience, he finished off with excerpts from another story in the collection, 'Driving Lessons'. This is the story of eighty year old Roy, who is worried about losing his driver's licence and how he stopped driving and why. Immediately following each reading, Chapters played host to book signings by the author and it is no surprise that I rushed over, battling a quite considerable crowd, to have my copy signed by the author himself.

I highly recommend reading this collection, not only for the concise language and flawless humour of the tales, but also because it is a rare gem of a book about Toronto, embodying in it the essence and experience of Torontonians through the recurring characters which also function to unite this series of short stories into one coherent whole. Many of the stories take place in the Annex, an area which is very familiar to most university students, and an area where many of us have or will reside in during at least one part of our lives at the University.

If you missed this year's seventh annual WORD on the Street festival, make sure you attend next year for the eighth edition. It's free (although I guarantee you will spend a considerable sum of money while you're there!), and it's a lot of fun. Come out and support literacy and literature in Toronto.



## More Eastern Divas

W. N. O'Higgins



These days when people think about Canada, they are most likely to think about Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia. Everywhere else has fallen into disfavour with the popular press. When we are reminded of other provinces it is to reassure us that they are still by and large unemployed. And yet, from the forgotten provinces East of Cornwall has emerged another spate of excellent music.

We should not be too surprised, as it has been about ten years since the last magical voice from the East emerged, and transplanted to Vancouver (that of Sarah McLachlan). Now, two new voices have come on the scene, making ripples and drawing attention and radio-play. They both interpret their feelings about the East differently, one from St. John's and the other from the transplanted perspective of Toronto (she is originally from Halifax), but the effects are marvelous and occasionally startling. The first is Damhnait (pronounced dav-EN-ate) Doyle, and the second is Melanie Doane.

These artists have several things in common. They both possess formidable vocal skill and craft their lyrics with conviction and no small talent. They are also both quite beautiful women, though in these days of a fiercely competitive video market it is more the norm than the exception. The commonality between these two artists ends here, however. Melanie Doane has been working the Southern Ontario club circuit for several years, and attracted the right kind of attention by virtue of talent and tireless promotion. Damhnait Doyle, on the other hand, caught a break when singing at the office, and was signed within weeks. Both artists are deserving of the attention that they received, but it is a good example of the fickleness of the music industry.

Doyle's debut release (on Latitude Records (an affiliate of EMI) out of St. John's), *Shadows Wake Me*, is essentially a collaboration album with whoever the producer could gather together to work with Doyle. Thus, it is not the most unified of efforts, but that may actually be to the recording's credit. I question whether Doyle, when she has gathered a band to work with her, will be able to match the eclectic charm of *Shadows*. Then again, with a more cohesive body of work from which to draw her next album she may not feel the compulsion to include a re-arrangement of a Celtic classic on the grounds that it fits her name and ancestral background. The song, "As I Roved Out," is not a bad effort, but it does not seem to be what Doyle is interested in, and suffers accordingly. Damhnait Doyle is a name to keep an eye on in the future, especially if she gets picked up by a label with an interest in expending the marketing power to get her increased exposure.

Melanie Doane shows very different stripes in her album, *Shakespearean Fish* (on Sony). Doane, and her husband and some-time collaborator Ted Dykstra, show themselves to be writers first and song-writers second. A good deal of attention is paid to the turn of phrase and the twitch of line, but the album is stronger for it. This is listening music, music that benefits more from thought than from dance. Still, it is musically excellent, and it shows the variety of talents that Doane brings to her music. She plays acoustic and electric violin, mandolin, piano and guitar. She is also partly responsible for the string arrangements and most of the lyrics and music. What Doyle presents is contrasted in its diversity by the cogeneity of Doane's release. *Shakespearean Fish* is very tight, themes flowing into themes and the musical language never straying far from its artistic center.

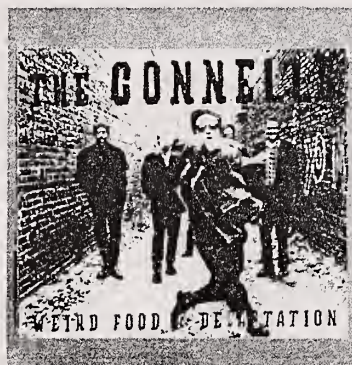
In spite of the differences between these two artists, these two divas have a lot to say. They are worth listening to, and definitely worth watching in the future. When looking for good music, especially in Canada, it seems that we profit from searching at the fringes of our lands.



## The Connells

Weird Food and Devastation  
*Independent*

If you like rocky pop music, you'll love the Connells. They have been writing great songs and releasing great albums since the mid-eighties without a single hit. The closest they've come to getting exposure was the single off their last album. I heard it was played by Much Music once, but I never saw it. Their latest release, while not being as strong on the whole as their last album, has some great songs that more than make up for the weaker ones in between. The three strongest songs are "Fifth Fret", "The Adjective Song", and "Back to Blue". "Fifth Fret" is about a loser whose girlfriend leaves him because all he does is drink beer and watch TV. "The Adjective Song" is about how people use adjectives to lie to each other, and is tremendously reminiscent of Sesame Street. "Back to Blue" seems to be about wanting to be a kid again, but I'm not really sure. It fits with the Sesame Street thing. Who knows? I bought my copy in New Jersey, and I don't even know if it's going to be released here in Canada. They're on TVT records if you want to order it. If you like pop rock stuff (Treble Charger, Sugar, Matthew Sweet, etc.), I strongly recommend a Connells album or two for your CD collection. I believe their last one was self-titled.



## Scud Mountain Boys

Live performance at the Horseshoe

It was a sonic sauna. Mellow sounds poured off the stage like steam off of rocks, leaving everyone completely relaxed. Fans sat cross-legged in front of the stage and listened to Joe Pernice, hunched over, reaching with his neck to catch the microphone, sing about how drunk or stoned he got, or how drunk or stoned someone else got, or how some homeless person begged for money to buy lottery tickets, or whatever. It was a feeling. No one seemed to care about what he was saying. While most bands try to explode with energy when they hit the stage, the Scud Mountain Boys massaged the crowd with mellow pop/folk music from start to finish. There were no rough edges anywhere. Even the country songs they played off an old album were somehow reassuring. I had a great time and left feeling more relaxed than any hot tub has ever been able to get me. I'd give them five stars, or two thumbs up, or smoke 'em a joint that would move with their groove.

Mike Audet

## Kill Creek

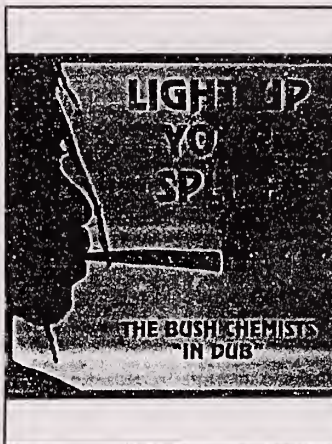
Proving Winter Cruel  
*mammoth*

This debut effort by Lawrence, Kansas's Kill Creek, is not just another indie-rock disk label for the post-nirvana bin, but an outstanding attempt to blend progressive country with rock and, yes, pop riffs filled with distortion. *Proving Winter Cruel* boasts twelve strong tracks that compliment each other in an unordinary fashion. The lead off track, unsteady, brags about the fear of commitment: "I'm so nervous / I guess I got drunk on purpose / but if I've done nothing wrong / then why are we already screaming / give me the week, and I'll be leaving, I definitely the song of the year. As for the rest of the album, it is made up of hooky and crunchy ingredients, "chromosome" and "all ears", to name a couple, that are guaranteed to keep you from being sidetracked. Kill Creek have great things coming their way, as long as they continue to write songs of this caliber. So, go ahead and jump on their band wagon: no one is looking yet.

Jason Spencer



# The Bridge



## Booty-Shaking Events of Which to Take Note

**Note**  
Friday Oct. 11 Gnaaw Adam Marshall (Ammo, Switch), The Surgeon (crazy UK DJ), and others... A Stitch/Speed Party - bound to be good, intimate and LOUD!

Sat. Oct. 12. Minimal Derrick Carter, Mark Farina, Richie Hawtin, Speedy J Live, Kenny Glasgow, Andy Roberts, Bliss & Blotto... Fuck, yeah! 760-3281

Sun. Oct. 13 at Industry Derrick Carter, DJ.Sneak...worth going to a shitty club!  
Sat. Oct. 19 Essentials (a Dose shindig) Terry Mullen, Hipp-E, Peter & Tyrone, Tim Patrick, Sniper, Mystical Influence, Split Pea Soup, Hooker, Stretch, Adam Marshall...I hate big parties - but this one'll be good.

**SNEAK PREVIEW:** November 9th - Alien Extravaganza!!! John Acquaviva, Terry Mullen, Barada (live), Boomer, Andy Roberts, Mario J. (and in the other room) Matthew Hawtin, Theorem, Clarke Warner, Lex (YAY!!!), Algorhythm

## It's Not the Size of the Ship, It's the Motion of its Ocean

It's Saturday, the sun is going down, and the night is so calling. The hour to get funky draws near. The question is, do you go to a huge rave with 3000 people, or do you go to a small "house" party. Do you negate or absolve yourself?

I have been raving for a while now, and my preference is for small parties. At a party, you are altering your state of consciousness, whether it is through dancing, enjoying the positivity of others around you, or by using substances. The set of your journey should be a comfortable one.

The key to any good night is location. Ravers are certainly not expecting wall to wall carpeting and chandeliers, but the space where you go to 'get down' should be inviting. Huge warehouses with high ceilings can be very cold. Such places also have a tendency to be far away as well. It is annoying to have to trek for an hour to get to the party, and even worse, trying to get home afterwards when all you can think about is a bubble bath and bed (mmm... bed... ed.) Most small parties have fairly central locations, so you can get home (and to that yummy pancake breakfast) easily and inexpensively.

If you are out dancing for eight hours, at some point nature is going to call. Most large parties only provide "pon-o-lets". This irks me and my weak bladder. I do not enjoy lining up for half an hour to use a smelly cubicle that vibrates from the loud, excessive huge-party bass. At big parties I avoid this by dancing alot and not drinking as much water. Most small parties have clean washrooms with real toilet paper. You may have to share it with members of the opposite sex, but this can lead to (ahem... ed) amusing conversations.

Raving with thousands of other people can become alarmingly cosy. The hugs and the closeness at parties are wonderful, but close can quickly become suffocating at a large event. Dancing obviously leads to sweating, but I dislike taking repeated showers in my own sweat. Dancing itself becomes a challenge at a crowded, large party. I like to close my eyes and move my arms around a lot when I dance. My dancing style is dangerous in crowds because I end up whacking people in the face, or getting knocked off balance by other crazy dancers. I like those who enter my personal space to be invited into it. Sometimes I work first aid at parties, and the most common raving injury is heat stroke. Dancing for hours in 100 degree heat with poor ventilation is very unhealthy!

It is very easy to become disoriented in a huge party. Going to the washroom or getting water can become a lengthy mission. Missing parts of sets because of these missions is irritating. If the amenities are close to you, as in a small setting, you have more time to enjoy the music. Small parties allow you to glean maximum musical enjoyment without all the distractions. Besides, I'd rather enjoy Sugar Daddy Moth or Mr. Nivoc than be berated by the unintelligible thumping of generic wanna-be house music.

I took a friend of mine to her first party recently. We were grooving to an amazing Jarkko set when she exclaimed, "Wow! I just realized that the person playing the music is right here in front of us. That's so cool!" It is nice to be able to communicate with the artist that is spinning out beautiful sounds for you. At big parties this communication is lost because the DJ is situated above the crowd amidst huge speakers and cheesy Hollywood lasers. It is great to be able to pass the DJ a huge dube when he/she plays your favourite tune. The DJ can also get more crowd feedback when he's playing in a small space.

At a large event you can become very anonymous, which some people enjoy. One can apparently feel less self conscious amidst thousands. If you feel self-conscious around your friends, then something is definitely wrong. I may look a little silly when I become really happy and start dancing on table tops, but at least I have my friends there to laugh with me.

There is a lot of energy created by the masses at huge raves. This quantity of energy, with so many different energies encompassed within it, can become extremely chaotic. I prefer the pure quality of the energy at a Guerilla Gathering or a Switch event. I like to be able to look people in the eye and see where the music is taking them. If I need to give or receive an emergency hug or backrub, having my friends near to me is relieving and strengthening.



People who enjoy big parties often think that small parties aren't hard-core enough. One can go to a small party and dive to the depths (and soar to the heights...ed) of an Adam Marshall set amidst lights and smoke. That's hardcore as far as I'm concerned. House music connotes unity, togetherness, and feeling at home in the music. So come "home" to a small party. For "without house, we would surely die!"

## An Alternative High

In your partying adventures, you may have noticed the brightly lit Natural High Kiosk. Many people are sceptical about natural products that are said to be mind-altering. Natural High offers natural, legal, safe and effective products which produce altered states of consciousness. The company promotes the use of natural substances as an alternative to synthetic drugs, and a recognition of their effectiveness and dependability. Here's the info:

### SMOKING PRODUCTS

**Positive Blend** A mixture of five herbs, namely: hops, passion flower (a mild MAO inhibitor), damiana, horebilla and motherwort. Smoked on it's own, Positive Blend creates a pleasant buzz which brings you up. It is also a very good tobacco substitute.

**Herbal Gold Cigarettes** A blend of jasmine, ginseng, red clover, khatmi and yerba santa.

**Magic Cigarettes** A combination of marshmallow and red clover, with added apple juice to produce an exotic cigarette with a smooth taste and pleasant aroma.

### HERBAL STIMULANTS

**Acceleration** Four 300mg capsules, taken orally, create increased energy and endurance. It also acts as a decongestant, opens bronchial passages, increases heart rate, blood pressure, metabolism, perspiration, and urine production. It can also be used for weight loss and quitting smoking. It contains ma huang extract (ephedra) and should not be taken with Melatonin or any other MAO inhibitors, or by pregnant women. Side affects include dry mouth and insomnia.  
User quote: "With Acceleration, you can dance all night."

**E-emergency** Three capsules, taken orally, produce a massive energy boost with a body buzz. It has been known to cause warm tremors and hot head-rushes. It is comprised of ma huang (ephedra), alfalfa, parsley, watercress, B-3, kelp, rosehips, and rice bran. Like Acceleration, E-emergency should not be taken with MAO inhibitors or by pregnant women. It may cause mild itching of the skin. "E-emergency rescued me...got me going again with an insane body buzz."

**Nexus** The dosage is one 250 mg capsule taken with 1500 mg (three tablets) vitamin C. This produces heightened emotional, sexual, and psychic capabilities, spontaneous erections, warm spinal shivers, and perceptual changes without hallucinations. It is comprised of yohimbe African tree bark concentrate and ascorbic acid. Individuals with sensitive stomachs may experience nausea. It should not be used while under the influence of alcohol, amphetamines, or anti-histamines. "Nexus gave me an amazing body buzz...sex on Nexus is unbelievable, our bodies felt as though they were melting into each other."

**Rush!** The dosage is five full droppers of liquid, taken orally. This produces a giant energy boost, heightening your perceptions. It is extraordinary for dancing. It contains 10000 mg of Yohimbe African tree bark extract, and should not be taken by those with heart conditions or high blood pressure.  
User quote: "I felt as if I was inside a tornado."

**Energy Fire Pills** The dosage is 1-3 500 mg tablets, taken orally. This produces increased energy and a feeling of extreme body heat. It is made with alfalfa, parsley, watercress, kelp, rosehips, and rice bran. It may cause mild itching of the skin. Persons with a history of gall bladder or liver diseases, or ulcers should consult their physician before taking these tablets. "My entire body felt as though it was on fire. I was burning up. My skin tingled all over."

### HEALTH PRODUCTS

**Think!** Four 60mg tablets taken orally will work to enhance memory, clarity of thought, mood, and sense of well-being. It increases the flow of oxygen to the brain, improving energy and stamina. It also can help eliminate ringing of the ears. It is made of ginkgo, biloba phytosome leaf, microcrystalline cellulose, magnesium, stearate, and phosphatidylcholine. (and this is natural?) Be careful scholars, high doses may cause stomach upset. "After taking drugs, I often feel scatter brained. But after using Think!, my thoughts are clear, and my memory is back."

**Rejuven 8** The dosage is 1-2 470 mg capsels before and/or after taking Ecstasy. It helps to prevent "day after" burnout associated with taking E or other such drugs. It is a sedative when taken in high dosages. It is also an effective relief for menstrual cramps. It is made of valerian root. Very high dosages may cause hallucinations, and prolonged usage may cause stomach or liver damage. "I usually find it impossible to get out of bed on Sundays...but since taking Rejuven 8 I have a normal day. I'm full of energy and feel great."

The intended use of many of these products is as an alternative to illicit drugs. The products are natural and legal, but that does not mean they will not produce profound effects. When combining these products with other drugs, exercise caution! By all means party hard, but do it intelligently and safely!



# Entertainment

## Crash an informed review

Darren Abramson

Why do people go to movies? David Cronenberg would have us believe that at least sometime, the telos or goal is not just entertainment when one pays \$8.50 to sit quietly for two hours and stare at the big screen. In the question and answer after the Oct. 3 Canadian premiere at the Uptown theatre, he explained what he aims for in his movies. In an allusion to the Siskel and Ebert / thumbs up or down American attitude to film, he described the ideal reaction to Crash as being neither 'I liked that' or 'I hated that'.

The phenomenon of Crash seems to be an exercise in educating the public about art film. This is not an isolated event; ads for the current Canadian Opera Company's productions of Electra and Salome assume complete ignorance on the part of the general public in viewing Opera. I see this as a positive thing. Instead of relying on an elite audience, there seems to be a increasing realization in art and film that aggressive advertising can lead to greater profits and increased market shares. A potential cause for this is the shift in funding from public to private as government arts funding disappears.

But enough wanking. What did I think of Crash? It delivers exactly what it promises; graphic sex, extreme violence and carnage, and combinations of the two. In some ways I saw the movie as an expose of the Western erotic obsession with car chases and big explosions. This is succinctly displayed in an early scene in the movie in which Elias Koteas' character, the ringleader of the freaks in Crash puts on a reenactment of the mythical James Dean fatal car crash.

The major problem I had with Crash was suspending my disbelief. The couple around which the movie circles starts out as sexually deranged - believably so. By the end, one questions the supposed erotic enjoyment of the acts in which they engage. In some ways, Cronenberg made excuses for this in his comments. He began answering a question of this sort with an anecdotal reference to the extras while directing. He says that he deliberately left extras out of most of the scenes because he was not interested in duplicating reality. Rather, he aimed at what he called 'a hermetically sealed universe' which cannot be taken literally, but only as a metaphor for what he sees as the 'existential re-evaluation of sex'. His argument proceeds as follows:

1. There is no inherent or absolute meaning in events.
2. People give meaning to all events, including the sexual act.
3. Recent developments in science (fertilization outside the womb, widespread contraception, etc.) have whittled away traditional meanings for sex
4. He (Cronenberg) and the general public are in a position to give new meaning to sex, for example as a commodity, a weapon, or recreation.
5. Crash explores new meaning in the sexual act.

So Cronenberg, to some degree doesn't even consider believability as important to appreciation of his movie. Admittedly, I still found the movie extremely powerful and visceral without thinking 'hey, I'm getting some great ideas'. Crash also represents the best way

Canadian film can encroach upon worldwide Hollywood domination. At a cost of \$15 million, it is currently the highest grossing film in France. For obvious reasons Canadian films cannot compete budget-wise with the Jim Carrey/Demi Moore market, but perhaps when Cronenberg jokingly responded to 'what will this movie do for the Canadian film industry' with 'completely revitalize and expand it worldwide' he was right. Here's hoping!

The story behind Crash is when the main character Ballard gets in an accident and is very badly hurt he suddenly finds that mangled cars, twisted metal, and the bodily injuries that result from car crashes turn him on, and act as a kind of aphrodisiac. Under the leadership of the mysterious car accident aficionado Vaughn, Ballard goes looking for the ultimate accident/turn on.

The twist in this movie is that the sex, unlike most movie sex, actually advances the plot and lets you know about the movie's main characters. I personally did not find most of the sex to be erotic or a turn on in the least. So in that facet the movie is not like a cheap porno movie. Another odd trick that Cronenberg pulls is that he does not let reality interfere at any point within the film. The characters all seem to be in a world of their own where the outside world doesn't intrude. This allows the characters to act the way that they do. What this movie is, is completely original. There has never been a movie that I have ever seen or am aware of that is anything like this. My opinion is justified by the fact that Crash even won a highly disputed and controversial special jury prize for audacity, and originality at the Cannes Film Festival this past spring.

Even now, days after seeing this movie I can't conclusively tell you my opinion of it. I know it is not bad. I'm just not sure how much I like it. The movie itself is not very enjoyable to watch, don't get me wrong I like the movie, but it is extremely unsettling, and it seems that Cronenberg was almost trying to make this movie an uncomfortable movie to watch.

In conclusion, I want to say that every facet of the movie was great. The acting, especially Elias Koteas as the leader of the depraved was superb, the directing contained some of the greatest panning shots ever put to celluloid, and the adaptation of an almost completely unreadable novel was done with considerable smoothness.

## In the Dog Run with its Creators

I recently saw Dog Run at the Toronto International Film Festival. I was impressed at the quality of the story and the accomplishments of these young men from New York. So, when I saw the guys who answered questions during the Q & A session after the film standing outside the Uptown theatre on Yonge Street, I approached them and started to chat. I asked them if they would have time in the future for an interview. They replied saying that they would love to help me out, but they were leaving days later so the interview would have to be at their hotel, the next day. Behold, snippets of my encounter with Ze'ev Gilad, the director and Brian Marc, who starred in the role of Eddy. IH: Why are you in Toronto this week? ZZZ: Toronto has a world class film festival, one of the top four in the world, so we wanted to see it and promote our film.

BBB: We started off at the Los Angeles Independent film festival when the film first got finished in April. The film was shown in Montreal but we saved all our juices up for Toronto. It seems like the public is really into the festival, seems like people in Toronto want to go see film, there into film, and very much into art also so festivals are a big event here.

IH: Tell our readers what your film is about.

Ze'ev: Dog Run is about the friendship of Eddy and Miles and how far one can go for another friend without losing one's self and also finding yourself as a person. Everyone goes through certain stages where they're trying to decide who they are and what they are going to be. At some point, you either you look back at your past and how it is affecting you, and you make decisions about where you are going to go in the future. Or, you let your past push you downward and you go nowhere. The movie follows two friends and the two paths that they follow.

Brian: And the other thing Dog Run is about the social phenomenon of teen runaways and what happens to them when they land up in major metropolitan areas, at least in North America. The film documents this from them moving into squats, getting involved in drugs, entering the whole sub-culture of squatters, gutter punks, squeegee kids, etc.

IH: Where did you get the idea to make this movie?

Brian: I was living in the East Village in New York City. They just renovated this park and, put ten million dollars in so it would look pretty and a lot of people moved into the area. That is where most of the film takes place, which is called Tompkins Square park. So a lot of the runaway kids would hang out constantly. I was busting my balls trying to make a living as an actor which in NY isn't that easy. Everyone's attitude to these kids was always like, 'go get a job' and even I thought like that. I was young and struggling and I thought if I could work so could they. What first triggered the idea was, I saw this eleven year old kid with a punked-out mohawk holding onto the hand of his sixteen year old sister, totally covered dirt, and asking people for change. It really kinda hit me. You can't exactly tell and eleven year old kid to go get a job, or ask why aren't you working, it goes a little deeper than that. So I started talking to them, and I heard some pretty awful stories about where they ran away from and their families. From there on in, I became fascinated actually passionate, about the topic. I started to do research on runaways,

the whole heroin scene there, people prostituting themselves. As an actor I thought it would be great to go out there and portray this. At first I thought I would just improvise it. But then I started to work on a script and came up with the original story. Then I told Ze'ev about it and we co-wrote the script together.

From there they decided that in order to properly portray the truth of the life of these kids they would have make the film based on reality and film it in the real world. They decided that the stars of the movie would be actors, but all the others roles would be played by the actual kids on the street. In addition, they also decide to film it in the streets of New York, and the majority of it taking place in Tompkins Park, in the east village.

Much of the plot of the movie is based on fragments recorded on Ze'ev's hi-8 which camera tell which the stories of these runaways. In order to maintain the integrity of the film it was important that all the people in the movie thought of themselves as equals. So Brian went incognito and became the eighteen year old dreaded runaway named Eddy. He was going to be undercover and no one would know that he wasn't a runaway brought to New York from New Orleans by Ze'ev for this movie. This made the film seem as real as possible.

The shooting style gave the feeling that you were following these kids through the slums of New York. The film had the live feel of a documentary, yet the gripping plot and terrific acting made this harrowing tale of drug addiction and poverty enjoyable. However, it raised several questions about the problems of unloved kids living on the streets in major metropolitan areas.

Brian: When I first got the idea it hit me in the heart...The more you look into it, the more devastated you become the more you research it, the more it grows in you and eventually becomes a part of you. You obviously feel like you want to say something about it. That's what art is, really. We're happy that our film was about something that might open people's minds and do something different.

Ze'ev: To make a film, especially an independent film on your own, takes a long time and a lot of work. I don't know how many hundreds of thousands of hours we invested in it. To commit to that kind of project, especially for me and Brian, it would have to have some ramifications other than being a neat film. It has to have some significance to make it worthwhile.

From anger to fear, from laughter to tears, this movie makes you have a better understanding of these unfortunate youth. You learn to feel sympathy and respect at the same time for these people; although their deeds are sometimes repulsive but with understanding and background you can accept their problem.

This film was extremely well received at the Toronto Film festival. It is a must see and should be in theatres within a few months. If you are interested in trying to understand the motivation and lives of the strange-looking people who stand on street corners and ask for change, or try to squeeze a looney out of you if they wash your windshield, this movie might give it to you. Even if you don't enjoy the movie you might learn something.

The next Herald meeting will be at six o'clock on Friday, October 21st in the Pit at Innis College. All are welcome.  
Happy October from your friendly Herald Staff!



# Sports

## Rough Me

There is something out there that I think all Innis students should be made aware of; the awesomeness of the Innis' men's rugby team. If you were around last year, you will remember this team won the title in their division, (and you thought Innis never won anything) so it's safe to assume that with a similar team this year, rugby games should be something special.

Why should you watch rugby? Well, it's simple. I mean rugby, is simple for the observer. There are two opposing teams, each with fifteen rough n' tough men. Each team tries to crash through the other team, and run down into the other teams end zone with the ball (balls?). But (butts?) passing can only be done backwards (ie. no forward passes). All manners of tackling are legal below the shoulders, except those which could cause grievous injury. That said, the players do not wear any padding. It is generally accepted that all of the players do not get up again after a tackle. All of the players are usually limping by the end of the game. Warm hot tubs, massages and beer are common after game engagements necessary after a long hard rugby battle. A rugby game is a hay day of unbridled passion and aggression, and though perhaps I should find something as violent as this disgusting, I found it rather exciting and intriguing. It looked fun... Nothing else made me wish I was a 250 pound man.

So what about the Innis team? These are your friends and roommates. But there is a fire which is lit deep within them as soon as they step upon the rugby pitch. Adrenaline flows, and tempers flare. They are a scrappy bunch, fully capable of kicking ass when needed. Actually, I found this aptitude shocking. But these guys aren't all ruffians, they are Innisites after all. One team member was knitting right before the game. How many other colleges could make a boast like that? (How many other colleges have knitting club, ed.)

Don't get me wrong, just 'cause some of them knit and write poetry they are not sissies. Au contraire, in a hard clash with University College they came to a draw. A disorganized Innis bunch came up against an overqualified UC team. Although UC scored a goal on the first try (in rugby, 5 points plus two points for the conversion), during the beginning of the second half Innis came back with a strong score. UC scored a field goal for three points to put them ahead 10 to 5. Innis accidentally missed the convert. Late in the second half Innis stormed through to score another try, tying the game.

Adrenaline rushed in my body and I only watched. Watching these men play like barbarians was strangely exciting and tantalizing. Sixty percent of American women say that chocolate is better than sex. I wonder, is rugby better than sex? Seriously though, you should check out Innis rugby games... If I'd ever thought I'd be putting rugby, sex and chocolate in the same sentence, I'd have worn a short skirt and brought pom-poms. Not that I'm trying to put the guys up on pedestals as eye candy, for they deserve the credit as athletes; it just amazed me how oddly primal and exuberant rugby seemed. It goes beyond the physical... it's the passion.

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
NOTE: M = Men's W = Women C = Co-ed	Innis Intramurals for OCTOBER					
			1 W T Fball 7:30am M T Fball 4pm	2 W T Fball 7:30am C Vball 8 30pm	3 W T Fball 7:30am C Vball 8 30pm	4 M Soccer 11am W F Hockey 11am
5 W Soccer 12m	6 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	7 M T Fball 4pm	8 W T Fball 7:30am C Vball 8 30pm	9 W T Fball 7:30am C Vball 8 30pm	10 W F Hockey 7:30am	11 W F Hockey 7:30am
12 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	13 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	14 THANKSGIVING No School	15 W T Fball 7:30am M T Fball 4pm	16 W F Hockey 7:30am C Vball 8 30pm	17 W F Hockey 7:30am	18 W F Hockey 7:30am
19 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	20 M Soccer 4:30pm C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	21 M Soccer 4:30pm C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	22 W T Fball 7:30am M T Fball 4pm	23 W F Hockey 7:30am C Vball 8 30pm	24 MW Tennis Tourney	25 MW Badminton Tourney W Soccer 11am
26 M Soccer 12m M Soccer 12:30pm MW Tennis Tourney (last d)	27 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	28 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	29 W Soccer 7:30am	30 C Vball 8 30pm	31 * played at Etchells campus * played at Scarborough campus	
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Schedule does not include: MWC Basketball, MW Ice Hockey, MW Volleyball.						
Innis Intramurals for NOVEMBER						
1 W Soccer 11am	2 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	3 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	4 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	5 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	6 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	7 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm
8 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	9 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	10 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	11 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	12 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	13 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	14 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm
15 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	16 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	17 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	18 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	19 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	20 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	21 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm
22 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	23 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	24 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	25 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	26 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	27 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	28 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm
29 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	30 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm	31 C Vball 8 30pm C Vball 1 30pm				

## Jock for the moment, sexy abs for a lifetime

--Jing Ling Kao

The droning routine of school has returned, marking my survival of moving in, buying books and being a frosh leader. Though my memories of most of frosh week have been lost in concussions and rough weekends, one incident remains profound. I was leading my frosh group on the scavenger hunt searching for among other far fetched articles, a jockstrap. Knowing that I played rugby and was the Co-op Sports rep for Innis one of my frosh suggested that they strap me up and submit me as the specimen. Funny though it was at the time, I must address this matter and stress that I AM NOT A JOCK!

Before you stop reading in disgust of my treatment of this demographic group let me (as I place my tongue to my cheek) explain that playing sports does not make you a jock. The word "jock" conjures up images of beer-can smashing, plaid shirt and baseball cap wearing Brunswick House regulars. Although I do like beer (bottled), own a plaid shirt and have been to the Brunny (once) it does not make me a jock. To me jock-ness is a mentality, an undesirable state of being that is reinforced by Poly Td compilations titled "Jock Rock."

Sports equals exercise, fitness, teamwork and a sexy new set of abs in just minutes a day! Now if we're talking about Innis Intramurals we can add "being damn cool" to that list. With this in mind I urge you as any infomercial guru would, to sign up immediately! It's not too late to join! You are eligible to play if you are an Innis student or live at the Innis residence.

The purpose of intra-murals is to have fun. The fifty people who signed up for co-ed Volleyball know this. And if you don't know the rules, it's all right because you'll learn quickly enough. I mean, I still think "icing" is something you put on cake. Just kidding. I know that icing happens in hockey and is kind of bad for one of the teams.

If you're still not convinced maybe cheerleading is more your thing. There are enough schedules floating around to wallpaper Innis College and the Res. Pick a game, bring some friends and make some noise! Go heckle that rowdy group of engineers called the Lady Godiva Band. They are, by the way responsible for waking up the entire residence at 3 a.m. during frosh week. Hell, bring that poor ripped up (thanks to New College) banner that we carried around so proudly at the SAC day parade. Sign up sheets and schedules are posted on the bulletin board at the Innis College pit. Any questions can be directed to your ICSS sports reps: Keely Brown for Women's sports, Dave Kim for Men's, and myself, Jing-Ling Kao, for Co-ed.

Remember unless you choose to let them, no one will strap you up and call you a jock for playing sports.

## Wacky Hackey Sacky (fifth in a series of Sports for Stoners)

-Sir Lollypop Man, alias: The Longhair Sucker

To hack or not to hack? That is no question. There is also no greater thing than to engage in the art of hackey sack. An added bonus is that hackey sack is the greatest of all stoner sports. A hackey sack, a knit ball filled with beads, is the world's most convenient game, it can travel anywhere with you. Because of its lightsize and minimal weight they are never a hassle to have with you on every occasion. Thus, when I blesses the Buddha and needs somethin to entertain myself I love to pull out my hack and have a hard-core session.

The object of playing hackey is to keep the hack in the air for as long as possible. No hands, but feet, knees, heads, and necks are used in order to pass the hack between friends in the circle. Since you are standing in a circle to play it is natural to pass herbal gifts around it. Plus, when hacking, all you do is move your feet and body there is minimal energy expenditure you might not even sweat. Therefore, even if you're superbaked hacking is still a possibility, in fact, it can be quite trippy getting trails off hackey sacks flying all over the place.

Another great thing about playing hackey sack is that there are very few rules: Don't use your hands. Never serve to yourself. Be happy. Smoke as much

ganja as possible. Follow these simple rules, play often and do not get discouraged, and soon you'll join in the love of hashy sack sessions. As long as you don't give up, in no time at all you'll be mastering some of the many amazing tricks possible with your friendly hackey sack.

Hackey sack can be played by yourself or with a hundred people, but the ideal number is between three and five hackers. Outdoors in the summer is the best spot for hacking. Level (soft but firm) ground is the ideal medium for this sport. However, any space will do just fine. When adverse climatic interference creates difficult outdoor hacking conditions, imagination is necessary in order to truly enjoy a good session. Lots of light and high ceiling are a must, so, malls, skyscraper lobbies and parking garages work quite well. Although the latter is the best if getting blunted is on the game plan. Nevertheless, a determined hacker cannot be stopped and will overcome any and all obstacles that land in their way.

So if you are a long time hack fanatic or just a pot-head looking for a new pastime it's time to put your hacking shoes on and get busy. The cost is minimal, and enjoyment a definite maximum. Before snow sets in some good hacking is possible in the next couple of months. So, come on out in front of Innis, and we will gather for hardcore sessions of all varieties...PEACE OUT-----

-----and may the hack be with you!!



# Thirsty

## The Legend of Creemore Ale



We toasted and drank. Immediately before the froth reached my lips, my nose twitched at the aroma. Not the stale, soapy smell I was used to from most beers but a wonderful malty smell, with hints of fruit and oak. As the beer glided down, I was awakened by its taste. Initially I noticed its bitterness - not overpowering but quite pleasant. I realized this taste was to be savoured, not sickened by. The beer was "smooth" yet bitter as well. The flavour was just great. A complex array of tastes were present: fruity, malty, hoppy, woody, tart and just the right amount of sweetness. The colour, hard to analyze under the pulsating red spotlights, looked to be a nice golden bronze. This beer had aftertaste! After years of drinking beers that claimed to have no aftertaste, and usually didn't (except for the "aftertaste" of coming back up), this beer, I just loved. I placed the beer upon our mahogany table, and gazing up at the leggy six foot wonder, exclaimed "Wow."

I have, unfortunately, never encountered Creemore Ale since, nor will the brewery confirm if it ever existed, or if it will be made again. I have never even found another who had tried it too, only my friends and I on that night. And it wasn't the lager, either. I have many times since drank their lager, and although it is a great beer in its own right, the ale was unmistakable and unforgettable. After savouring the last sip of the heavenly beverage, we decided to head out. I stood and approached pervert's row, removing a \$5 bill from my wallet. I slid it through the dancer's bikini and smiled. "Great beer" I thought, as I strolled out of the club.

### The Drinking Game

-Boris

Following are some juvenile, yet strangely entertaining activities to be used at dull parties/pubs/clubs, dysfunctional gatherings, family reunions, funerals, or those who simply want to revert and have a smashing good time.

**FUZZY DUCK** Instructions: The players sit in some sort of discernible order and one begins by saying 'fuzzy duck'. Each person says 'fuzzy duck' in order, until someone (on purpose or accidentally) says 'ducky... fuzz'. Immediately the direction of the game switches. Going in the opposite direction, each person says 'ducky fuzz'. Until someone says 'fuzzy duck', and the direction switches and so on. When someone messes up, they drink. To increase drinking potential in the beginning, play faster. As the game progresses, players will screw up in the most interesting and delightful ways. Setting: This one is fun to play in public - i.e. sitting around a big table in a bar or restaurant.

**Pros:** gets more entertaining the longer you play and creates an intensely euphoric buzz.

**Cons:** coarse language may be offensive to some. (It's all the more fun to watch those ones slip up.)

**Rating:** 9 out of 10

**SINK THE SHOT** Instructions: Float an empty glass (or shot glass, depending on the beverage of choice) in a larger container filled with what you are drinking. Everyone also has their own drink, and each player takes a turn pouring a little into the floating glass. Whoever sinks it drinks it.

Then you start over. Variations: Float a shot glass in a mug of beer. Everyone takes turns pouring into the shot - NOT WITH BEER, WITH SOMETHING ELSE - (thus can't be stressed enough.) The sinker drinks the brew. Setting: You'll be too wasted to care.

**Pros:** Requires no intellect whatsoever, and tends to create a snowball effect.

**Cons:** Requires no intellect whatsoever, and tends to create a snowball effect, eventually leading to a dramatic internal meltdown.

**Rating:** 5 out of 10

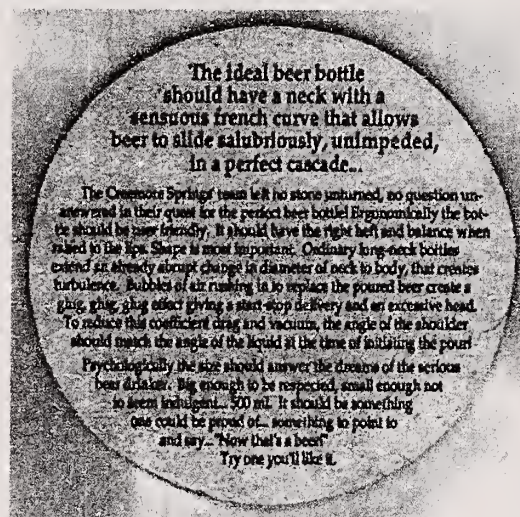
**TRUTH OR DRINK** Instructions: Each person takes a turn asking a question - i.e. "Have you ever...?" Nobody speaks, but whoever has a positive response takes a drink.

Variations: a) Whoever has a negative response drinks. b) Everyone drinks. Set-

I was sitting with a few friends of mine in a strip club a few years ago. It was here, of all places, that I encountered, for the only time, Creemore Springs' sole foray from their lager, their Premium Ale.

I had yet to discover good beer. I was still drinking Molson's and Labatt's, carry overs from my high school days. Unaware that most strip clubs serve by the bottle only, instinctively I asked the waitress what they had on tap. She replied, "Canadian, Rickard's Red and Creemore Ale." I felt like being exotic that night, so I ordered the Creemore Ale. This beer was to change my life and my beer drinking habits forever. I had never heard of it, but it sounded interesting. I just hoped it wasn't dark. Dark beers are always bitter, I thought. I wanted something smooth, that was what I was taught to like. What I received, when the waitress placed the pint in front of me has changed my view of beer completely and had aided my appreciation of this very fine beverage.

The "Twoonie" was approaching Canadian society that night. The coin to replace the bill, to make our wallets even heavier and corrupt a balanced stride. A friend of mine said, while we were waiting for the delivery of the beers, "You used to be able to give strippers \$2 bills. Now with this coin, the minimum must be \$5!" I pondered this ~~stabilizing~~ its validity. One can't put a coin through a bikini string like you can with a bill. And giving \$5 is questionable. It is being cheap, but you can buy a beer for that much. The waitress approached with the drinks. As she coasted the table and placed the beers down, I ended the topic with a simple response: "slot machine."



ting: Relatively intimate. Not too loud.

**Pros:** A deep and profound thrill if the interrogation gets intense.

**Cons:** Sometimes causes the urge to shove food in your mouth (or someone else's).

**Rating:** 8 out of 10.

**FORGER:** Instructions: Each player makes up an action which is their 'signature' - i.e. the finger (or both if you want to confuse your opponents). First, everyone demonstrates their creative movement, and then the game begins. Someone starts by doing their own signature first, and then someone else's. Then the player whose signature that was, repeats their own, followed by someone else's, and so on. When someone makes a mistake, i.e. doesn't respond to their signature, does one that doesn't exist, or the signature of someone who is out, they drink. Three mistakes and you're out. Variations: a) You have to be looking at the person whose signature you are about to do. b) You have to do three signatures; the preceding player's, your own, and the one you are calling on. Setting: This one is good for loud parties or clubs since you don't need to speak and it looks like some mysteriously intricate tribal dance.

**Pros:** The phallic implications are astounding.

**Cons:** Co-ordination can prove to be a problem in the final few rounds.

**Rating:** 7 out of 10.

**X HAPPENS, AND THEN YOU DRINK** Instructions: Choose a film, or a tv program, etc. and drink whenever X happens - i.e. every time someone gets shot in Pulp Fiction. Variations: Single out someone at a party and drink every time X happens. Settings: When you can't think of anything better to do, or when you can't think.

**Pros:** You're drinking.

**Cons:** You have reached the lowest depths of pathetic human behaviour.

**Rating:** 3 out of 10.

Drink. Then drink some more. Got it? Good. Prosit.



# Art et Lit.

## Broken

Mona Hutchence

Sitting in the crowded club. People swarming all around. Always somewhere else to go. The suffocating dancefloor. Alive sweaty bodies. The tables full. There is noise. Lots of noise. From the people. Music. The clinking of glasses. The silence between me and him. I watch him. He watches the crowd. His neck is tense. Eyes vacant. Fixed. A strand. Long brown hair. Framing his shapely jaw. The resemblance.

He is you. You at the other end. You don't see. Me. She who is with you. She is me. Her hair. Her eyes. Mine. The resemblance. I remember. Hands. On my face. Nicotine-smelling fingers. Lips. On my lips. The sweetest ecstasy. His are close. Close. Cold. He asks why. Because of you I say. His neck. Always tense.

She must ask too. You watch her. She watches the crowd. My caricature. Close. Looks cold. You remember. I do see. You. fingers. Through your hair. Down your back. Eyes. In the moonlight. She must ask.

You left. I left. The pact. The truth. Hearts. Shattered to millions. Pieces. Pieces still free. Just look. Over here. This way. Won't you see. You don't see me. You never did.

He looks at me. She looks at you. I smile. You smile. We lie. Again we lie. We shall lie. Again. Only if you see. Me. You don't... You will.

## FEATURED WRITER OF THE MONTH

### Milena Placentile

Decked out in a purple crushed velvet dress with matching lipstick and nailpolish, accented by a silver chain belt and fishnet stockings, Milena is all prepared to give her poetry reading. This month's featured writer is an Innisite. Milena is a new addition to our college (a polite way of saying that she's a frosh), but she has already begun to firmly establish herself in Toronto's poetry scene. Working through a company called 'Scribes and Muses', Milena frequently gives poetry readings throughout Toronto. Fortunately, I got a chance to listen to Milena speak at 'Tango's Coffee Palace' in the beaches, along with many other talented writers and musicians. Sitting at the table sipping hot chocolate, Milena confesses that she doesn't make a hell of a lot of money doing these readings, but that that isn't the point of doing this anyway. "I will work for Rickard's Red though," she confides. So if anyone out there is looking for a poet, all you need is to buy a six-pack at the beer store... I guess.

In addition, she publishes her own 'zine "Sombre Souls on Prozac", in which she celebrates "art, poetry and other cool stuff". If you're interested in finding out more about her 'zine, or picking up a copy (they're only a loonie each!), make sure to drop by the Innis Residence and ask her. Milena spent the day on Sunday, October 6th selling her magazine and home-made jewellery composed chiefly of wires, beads and rejected parts of old computers, as well as caged 'precious rocks' at the CanZine festival, sponsored by CIUT and Broken Pencil as part of Arts Week.

Asked for the sources of her inspiration, Milena cites Tori Amos (this is obvious when you read her works; 'Ode to Tori' is composed entirely of lines from her songs), Robert Smith, Patricia Morrison (for her hair), Sailor Saturn and the painter Magritte as her primary influences. Milena says she writes about feelings, "I try to get an entire emotion or state of mind in ten lines. I like to lie a lot. I like to make things up. I usually write about relationships I've never been in, 'cause the guy I'm with is really cute".

In the future, Milena would (ideally) like to open her own art gallery/cafe complete with a nightclub in the basement, after she learns how to paint. I asked Milena for a final deep and meaningful thought to close off the interview and give our readers a better chance to get to know her, so she came up with two: "The nicest thing anyone ever said to me was 'you're so full of shit your eyes are brown', hee hee hee". That's Milena for you, always smiling and laughing. And finally, "Final thought? What are thoughts?" (thanks to Ces and Syl for help on that deep one).



Want to find out her favourite food group? Attend one of her readings every Thursday this month at Graffiti's, 170 Baldwin St. in Kensington, at 9:30pm.

Look out for next Month's featured writer, former U of T student Marqus Bobesich and his band "Woodrow". For a preview of some lyrics/poetry and a great time, check out C'est What (highly praised in last month's issue by our resident Beer God, Cass, for the great selection of brews) on Oct. 19th!

## JANE

Kate Davis

I rise before the sun  
and reach for my mask.  
Light can be dangerous if you are not prepared.  
I love my mask.  
Everyone does.

The beautiful blue eyes, like clear pools of rain  
are deadly if you dive in,  
because there is no depth to the water.  
But I love them anyway  
Everyone does.

Its expressions are always appropriate  
and never so dramatic  
as to alter the proportion of its perfect features.  
I trust the mask completely.  
Everyone does.

At night when I am alone  
I am allowed to put the mask to rest.  
But it is getting stronger.  
Soon it will stay overnight  
And Jane will be dead.

### Ode to Tori

In the Springtime of your voodoo  
Muhammad, my friend  
was seen past the mission  
putting the damage on.  
He's not the Red Baron.

Marianne  
(so silent all these years)  
was but a tear in your hand.  
Blood roses, like icicles, way down.

Hey Jupiter,  
where's the waitress?  
It's been a pretty good year  
(here in little Amsterdam).  
Just me and a gun and God.

Mother.  
Why do you crucify yourself?  
A professional widow to Mr. Zebra is  
all that you are.  
What's left of your precious things now?  
Well, I think it's perfectly clear—  
we're in the wrong band.  
Agent Orange wouldn't wear leather,  
even if you asked.

Yes Anastasia,  
There is a cloud on my tongue.  
These little earthquakes—they shake me.  
And Father Lucifer is not impressed.  
Girl! Yes you—the so called Beauty Queen  
The Happy Phantom twinkles his bells for her  
Talula's horses have run off to China.  
Baker Baker sing me a song—  
A doughnut song so sweet.

Cornflake girls are dreaming of winter  
and the space dog sighs.  
Caught a lite sneeze? Caught a light breeze?  
The boys for Pele hide under the pink.

### Untitled

On those nights oft occurring  
when the life courses through me in  
search of exit  
I take care to walk death quietly to  
my bed where he shares  
with me dreams of worlds unheard of and  
as the single tear rolls down my cheek  
he takes me by the hand  
and assures me  
that he will always be here if I need him

### Little Green Pill

Little Green Pill  
(Better n'E)  
Makes me happy  
and cheerful you see.  
Little Green Pill,  
(Lilly my friend)  
killed my insignificant  
Suicide end.  
Little Green Pill,  
I miss you a lot—  
My shitty existence  
I'd almost forgot.  
Little Green Pill,  
Good ol' Frontal Cortex  
Now functions with ease.  
But I've forgotten my doses  
So I'm planning to cease.

### Untitled

Life  
so precious  
(born of spirit and of flesh)  
blessed with breath can  
disappear  
in a single (decided)  
moment  
turning even the  
deepest  
thoughts and the  
purest  
emotions over to the  
maggots

### Untitled

Your halo is too bright for me.  
Come down fall down  
and dance under the  
sky of flames that I call home

**A Friendly Reminder**  
that the International  
Author's Festival takes  
place Oct. 23 - Nov. 24 at  
the Harbourfront. For a  
schedule of authors and  
readings pick up a brochure. Rumor has it that  
William Gibson will be  
there!



## Natural Freedom

Antonia Yee

Here I walk with unkempt hair and naked face  
slowly, leisurely, but with confidence  
over asphalt playgrounds  
under the shadow of concrete high-rises

Where once I strutted, with glossy shine  
looking out from behind bright colors and past heavy scents  
furtively, artificially, with an air of self-consciousness  
over wild pastures and gravel roads  
under the shadow of great maple trees

Here I mutter contentedly to myself  
hiding in the great collective  
free to express myself at random  
articulately, intellectually and visually

Where once I spoke through a sieve  
in a spotlight surrounded by scrutinizing eyes and ears  
confining my thoughts to the great grey interior  
articulately, intellectually and visually

Once I was bound by small-town appearances,  
false fronts on a never-ending grassy, green plain  
speckled with bright yellow dandelions  
meticulously mowed down each week  
yellow heads rolling, drying, dying  
leaving small, foreign leaves hidden in their wake

Now I am freed by the crowd of the city  
stout, ugly buildings rooted firmly in concrete dirt  
littered refuse no one notices you drop  
conscientiously cleaned up every week  
by invisible men with invisible brooms  
safe in a place where everyone looks, but no one sees.

## Eavestroughing

W. N. O'Higgins

"It was on the fifth floor up on the first tricky bit when I got hooked. Usually the apartment was a quiet one, which suited me fine, as the balcony was particularly crumbly and the masons had built only one decorative niche within reach. It was thus, balancing on one foot on an ancient piece of weathered cement with my right hand wedged in a two inch space between two bits of abstract relief sculpture that I saw the couple."

"I knew as soon as I saw them though their apartment window that they were fighting and I had no business watching them. (I had no business being fifty feet off the ground on the wall of their apartment building either, but that was beside the point.) I also knew that they were far too caught up in what they were doing to notice me."

"They were an attractive pair in their early to late twenties and this was obviously the first big fight of their lives together. Neither of them really knew how to get their point across, and they reacted with shock and surprise to each other's actions. The man was being a bastard, using his physical size to intimidate as he shook a shoe-box at his partner. He was shouting, his face red. He was furious at her, but the shoe-box seemed to be only part of it. He gestured wildly, throwing his hands about and advancing on her slowly. At first she seemed to be ashamed and contrite, but as he moved forward she seemed to shift her bearing subtly and when she next spoke she was composed and direct, her eyes intense and icy."

"I moved as slowly as I could to prevent them from seeing me as I tried to gain firmer footing. Captivated, I watched on."

"She was making progress. Her power and intensity were palpable even silenced by thick glass and distance. The man seemed to shrink into himself. His posture changed visibly from that of a warrior to that of grown boy in a towel standing on a stage without anything to say. Then his gaze fell on the shoe-box in his hand, and his anger returned. He threw the box to the floor and shouted. I nearly lost my grip trying to see what was in the box, but it was obscured by their coffee table."

"The woman stared at the box on the floor. The man continued to stare at her for a moment and then he also looked at the floor. After a short time he looked at her again. Her shoulders were shaking with silent sobs, her arms limp at her sides. The man stepped forward to reach out to her, but she flinched violently and cowered against the wall of the apartment. The silent tableau stretched into awkwardness, and as one they moved forward into an embrace. For a while they held each other, both crying and not saying anything. Though they both took support from one another it was a strange scene, as though this little woman was holding up this large man even as she curled into his chest."

"The woman reached down his back slowly and under the towel around his waist, which then fell off. She turned up her face into his and their lips met, and parted."

"My trembling arm and leg gave out then and I fell off the building".

"I was a few moments before I could right myself and adjust my harness to where it was comfortable. As I rummaged in my backpack for my pen and paper I thought to myself, 'What a story!'"

"I began to write my impressions and observations while they were still fresh, bracing my legs against the wall to prevent spinning while I hung from my safety rope between floors."

"I looked up after about ten minutes of uncomfortable writing to see that it was becoming quite dark. I lowered myself down the rest of the way and uncoupled my safety gear, packing it hurriedly and beginning the long walk back to my apartment." says a young man with bandaged and ink-stained fingers as he shuts his journal and looks up across the little table at his friend.

"The last few weeks since then have been difficult. I've been trying to write something out of that experience, but nothing has come of it. I've tried a couple more times to climb up to that window to see if I could see anything more about what happened to that couple, but it has only gotten me arrested. Twice. I have to make something out of what I saw, or connect with those people, but I can't seem to get a handle on it."

The writer's friend looks at him for a long time before answering.

"I think I see your problem. You--"

"I'm too close to the story! Of course! I should have thought of that myself, and taken a few days off, and try fresh. Thank you!" blurts the anxious writer.

"-- should stop bothering people." the writer's friend continues, unperturbed by his outburst. "Rockclimb on rocks. Talk to people in a relaxed, social setting. Don't stop strangers on the street to ask them about the nature of fiction. Most of all, stop trying to appropriate other people's experiences for your stories." She sits back, sipping her coffee, prepared to wait a while for her friend to stop shuffling her words around in his head and start to actually think.

"So what you're saying is," begins the young man with a puzzled frown, "Is that I should not climb up the sides of apartment buildings and look in the windows for inspiration, but do things on my own."

The writer's companion leans forward slightly, saying, "Yes. That's part of it," with a soft sigh of relief.

"What you're really saying is 'Get a life,' right?"

"Yeah, that's it."

## LITERARY QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"My own experience has been that the tools I need for my trade are paper, tobacco, food, and a little whiskey."

William Faulkner -- in an interview in "Writer's at Work"

## CALL FOR NEW RAMBLERS AND WRITERS

Like what you see? Think you could do better? If you have any scrap of talent whatsoever, submit to my section or suffer the consequences. We will find you out. This is just a warning. Check us out next time for a threat.

### The Tree Branch

Naomi Rae Estreicher

The tree branch's early years are complicated by a trunk that won't let go. Winds attack it, rains dampen it, insects eat at it for having sweet fruit. At night birds shit on it, dirtying the soft brown of its bark. During the daytime, rodents run back and forth on it, stealing its fruit. It is an unfortunate appendage.

When it is twenty years old, the tree is approached by the head of the natural resource department, who paints a big star on the trunk and tries to cut the tree down. The branch falls on him. "To the pulp and paper mill," says the assistant to the head.

The tree branch is brought to the city as a two-by-four. It is shoved behind a storefront window and left as a showpiece. The store goes out of business.

Near death, the once tree branch is a piece of wood that is rotting under a veil of dust. The shop window breaks, a brick lands on the wood and sinks into it. The wind blows, the dust disappears from the sickly wood.

A cold hand reaches out for the wood, brings it to a hollow tin drum, and makes the wood its filling.

The warmth of fire burns the old tree branch into ashes. The wind blows it away.







